

## **Judith Boston**

**by Titian Beresford**

### **Part I**

The high heels of Judith Boston's gleaming black pumps clicked precisely down the walkway. Her long, graceful strides carried her quickly along between ivy walls and through the cloistered social sciences colonnade of Forsyth University. Polished to perfection, from curving heel to pointed toe, her pumps captured sunlight, held it captive for a moment, and then released it in the form of a reflection. Her heels were almost impossibly high, though stopping just short of affectation.

Judith Boston's nylon-clad calves were full and curvaceous, yet showed no trace whatsoever of muscular excess. Her ankles were turned prettily to perfection, and the tops of her highly arched feet were teasingly enhanced rather than concealed by the low cut of her stylish pumps. The comely shape of her thighs and buttocks was often exhibited by the swirl of her tight skirt about her legs as it matched her busy strides. She was attired in a very proper black business suit complemented by a spotless white blouse and a black tie.

In her left hand she carried an expensive leather attaché case. Her right hand held a pair of black gloves and almost impatiently slapped them against her thigh at the completion of some of her strides. Her hair was up in a tight bun.

It is certain that the eyes of all male students that Judith Boston encountered

lingered longingly on her charms - on the neatness of her bun, or the flexing curves of her buttocks and hips beneath her skirt, or perhaps even the perfectly straight seams of her stockings tapering down to darker high splice reinforcements just above the shining black heels of her pumps. Any attempt at catching her attention, however, was doomed to failure, and her precisely curving eyebrows didn't raise themselves in the slightest at the several tentative greetings she received, nor did her lips part even for a moment in answer. Those lips remained prettily together in an almost disdainful expression just short of a pout, and her perfectly applied lipstick remained undisturbed.

She passed beneath an old stone archway and gained the coolness of the shaded corridor beyond. After walking through a large walnut doorway, she went down a short hall that fairly reeked of studiousness and leaning. A properly rumpled professor in an obligatory tweed blazer and carrying a battered leather briefcase pretended to ignore her as she swept past him. After concentrating fixedly on his unlit pipe until she was safely by, he then spun about and feasted his eyes on her calves and the generous curves of her ass. He was quite dazzled by the lure of shining leather and nylon, and the appeal of the pretty young woman's legs. He collected himself and continued on his way.

Judith descended a flight of wide stone steps to the sunlit walks and lawns of the dormitory quadrangle. Though mostly deserted due to the onset of the summer holidays, there were still enough young men about to notice and appreciate the splendid figure and demeanor of this trim and pretty young woman. More than one youthful heart beat with the hope that Judith, whether as faculty member or student, would make Forsyth her home.

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Edward James was bewildered. He surveyed his nearly empty dormitory room on the third floor of Tensington Hall. His parents had told him that they felt he was in need of an infusion of confidence and self-esteem. His mother had said that they wanted him to do some traveling during the semester break, but that he'd need a companion to boost the strength of his character and lend his personality that bit of worldly wisdom that he sorely lacked. His father had readily concurred, and the matter was settled. Edward had been instructed to remain at Forsyth until a suitable traveling companion could be procured. His parents could well afford the hiring of such an individual. His father, the Reverend James, earned a substantial income by writing books on the upbringing of young people. Those stern tomes often preached the need for absolute purity of character and the importance of avoiding all manner of unnatural vice.

The morning mail had brought Edward word that his parents had found - through a trusted acquaintance - a suitable candidate for traveling companion and mentor. He sounded the hard syllables of the woman's name over and over in his head as he sat in a chair by the window, glumly surveying the world beyond. The name Judith Boston conjured up in his mind an old-fashioned middle-aged matron who would be delighted at the prospect of boring a young man to tears and, as an added bonus, perfectly destroying his summer holidays. No doubt the two of them would frequent the haunts of the dozing elderly and he would have the most dreadful time of it. She was to arrive within the hour.

Edward didn't look forward in the least to having such a person come calling for him at the university. His reputation as a rather stilted bore could little stand such added weight as this. Nonetheless his bags had been shipped home, but for a large one standing ready at his feet, packed heavily with all his travel necessities.

His two week wait after the end of spring classes was almost at an end. He kicked his suitcase idly for a bit and turned over in his mind the thought that this Judith

Boston person would determine all their summer destinations. It wasn't fair. These unpleasant thoughts occupied Edward's mind for some time as he drowsily watched the comings and goings outside his window. He often felt himself to be an observer of what went on in the world, rather than a participant.

His self-pitying reverie was suddenly abbreviated by loud knocks upon his door. Ordinarily such knocks would have been for his roommate Colin, but Colin had left nine days past to go to Spain. Before Edward could admit his callers, they rudely admitted themselves. William Jenks and Ned Trompton sauntered into his room, smiling unpleasantly.

"So, this is the one who caught you with Sue Hoskins last night, is it?" William smirked antagonistically.

"Yes," goaded Ned. "I swear he had more eyes for my prick than he did for Susan's tits." Both young men stood glaring down at Edward with expressions mingling moralistic affront and bullying contempt.

Their implied accusation was most unfair. Edward never had been drawn toward the vice to which they referred. His tastes were fixed solely on women: yet such was his level of shyness that those of the gentle sex rarely guessed that Edward noticed them at all - not that they would have cared much that he had. The amorous attentions of a studious, outwardly dull and introverted young man were low on most young ladies' list of priorities.

Edward felt the bile in his throat, but well knew the futility of arguing with these two. They surveyed him with expressions of smug self-satisfaction and then, feeling justified in their verbal barrage, left Edward to himself after slamming the

door behind them.

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Edward's inability to be noticed by the opposite sex had nothing to do with his physical appearance. He was a better-than-average-looking young man with a slim body and a face perhaps a touch too gentle. It was something deeper, a perceived weakness or indecisiveness of character that the young ladies of his casual acquaintance read in him all too well. Here was a young man who would never sweep them off their feet and make them breathless with passion, or even entertain their interest for more than a brief period.

Edward's heart stopped thudding in his breast after a few minutes, but he found his knees were still shaking. The threat of physical confrontation with his two fellow students had brought on a dry-throated, unreal-seeming, head-swimming wave of panic that was far too familiar. He thought back to the incident of the night before.

There had been a party upstairs to which he, of course, had not been invited. Due to the vastly decreased presence of students of both sexes during the summer holidays, the dormitory monitors were often nowhere to be found. Consequently the party had raged on, becoming increasingly exuberant and wild.

Edward had gone to bed at his usual hour and attempted to sleep to no avail. He had then crept from his room and headed for the nearest bathroom on his floor. Stumbling around a corner in the corridor, he was unprepared for the sight that met his eyes. Before him on a darkened stairwell sat Ned Trompton and Sue Hoskins, wrapped in a close embrace. But what stopped Edward in his tracks and

riveted him to the spot was the activity of their hands. Ned was fingering the dark nipples of Sue's ample breasts, holding her unbuttoned blouse open with his free hand as he did so. It was, however, the movements of Sue's hands that staggered Edward.

Ned sat on the steps with his trousers down around his ankles. His undershorts were nowhere to be seen. Both of Sue's hands were gently agitating Ned's cock and balls. She was giggling as she pinched his scrotum with one saucy hand and boldly pumped his rigid tool with the other. Her skirt was up high and rumpled about her smooth thighs.

Poor Edward gasped and stood petrified. Only in his dreams had he ever even imagined such a thing happening to him. He couldn't tear his eyes from the furtive scene before him.

Sue laughed and cooed, "Oooh, it's getting so fat and so hard, Ned. It's burning my fingers. Remember, you promised to warn me before the stuff comes out so I can point it away from my skirt." Edward blinked hard and knuckled his eyes to make sure he was awake. It was no dream! Sue's panties were thrown to one side and her lightly-mossed pussy was plainly visible. Edward's breath began to come in ragged gasps that matched Ned's in intensity. Ned was rubbing Sue's firm mounds with one hand while his other explored the recesses of her nook. The palm of his hand found its way against her mount while one finger inched through her undergrowth and advanced on her slit. Meanwhile, Sue continued to pump Ned's twitching cock, running her fingers along the length of the shaft and covering the fiery head with the flat of her hand. Occasionally she worked her way down to his balls which flopped against his thigh, raked her fingers lightly over the sensitive flesh, then returned to jerking his shaft. By this time Ned's finger had found her tight little crevice, and was moving back and forth over her clit and delving into her warm recess.

Edward could feel his cock thrusting against his trousers and pressed down against it with his hand. He closed his eyes momentarily and allowed a sigh to escape his lips as a wave of pleasurable sensation ran through his body. Just then Sue shook her hair out of her eyes and for some unknown reason she looked up. Her eyes met Edward's. She gave a surprised little scream of outrage, and her eyes filled with contempt and disgust. She snatched her hands away from Ned's prick, and scrambled to set her skirt aright and close her blouse over her breasts. Ned looked up and saw Edward, and his face darkened with rage.

"Oh, Trompy," Sue moaned, "he's skulking about and he was staring at your thing!"

Edward spun about and fled back to his room in confusion with Ned's cry of "Sissy! Faggot!" and Sue's mocking laughter exploding in his head. It was true that his eyes had been on Ned's penis, but only to vicariously imagine the delights imparted by Sue's lewd fingers. He blocked his door with a heavy oaken desk and stood panting with exertion until he at last realized that the whole party above wasn't coming down to roust him. After a long while he had collapsed onto his bed, still shaking from the effect of what he'd seen and the fright he'd been given.

At last he had fallen asleep and into a vivid dream. Sue Hoskins was laughing at him as he stood naked in the hallway outside his door. William and Ned suddenly appeared and took him by the arms, dragging him over to where Sue stood smirking. They held him while Sue amused herself toying with his cock. She stroked his turgid shaft and fondled his balls, murmuring that she loved the way his cockhead swelled up as she tightened her grip. Her hand moved up and down rapidly, mimicking the motion he'd seen her use on Ned. Her fingers tickled his enflamed flesh and slid across the gasping slit at the tip of his prick. Then, suddenly, unexpectedly, Sue smiled and lowered her head. Edward started and

watched in disbelief as she took his cock and guided it to her mouth, then he could do little else but relax and absorb the incredible sensations that raced through his body as she began to suck him off. Her hand continued to pump him as her tongue flicked along the length of his shaft and swirled around the darkening head of his tool. Edward thrust his hips toward her, and she responded by taking all of him down her throat. This was too much for him. He moaned in his sleep and ejaculated thickly onto his sheets. He had awakened then, sweaty, his heart pounding, feeling soiled and ashamed.

Edward had sat up at the edge of his bed, feeling the sticky warmth of his nocturnal emission trickle down his leg. It had not been his first wet dream. His father, the Reverend James, deplored self-abuse to such a degree that he had created in his son an aversion, based on intense fear and shame that was so strong it would not allow him to touch himself except in the most cursory way in attending to self-grooming and hygiene. Once when he was ten years old, Edward had admitted tearfully to his father that after going to bed he had fondled himself for a moment. Such were his father's stern words of rebuke and assurances of terrible consequences that Edward had been shaken to the root of his soul. Thereafter his father insisted on long, regular, and detailed confessions; and this kept Edward, as much as anything could, from masturbation.

Nature, however, was not entirely to be denied, and often worked behind the scenes to bring Edward nocturnal relief. For some unknown reason, his wet dreams often featured pretty women who enjoyed humiliating him. In his dreams he often found himself on his knees at the feet of a pretty lady, feeling her hands massage his most private parts until his flood could no longer be stemmed. Then he would awaken to the twitching humiliation of a messy nocturnal emission.

Edward collected his thoughts and sighed as he stared through the dusty panes of his window. A flash of purposeful motion off to one side caught his eye. He



looked, gasped, and then stared. A very fetching young woman walked by his window. His glance was almost thirsty as it lingered on her bottom, then her legs, then the swell of her large breasts. His glance roved over her hands, her regal, haughty, yet stunningly beautiful face, and then came to rest on her feet. He was fascinated by the way she walked in her black pumps with those delicious, outrageously high heels. He stood up and craned his neck out the window until she swept out of sight. His throat was dry and his trousers were uncomfortably tight against his stiffening cock.

He found his chair again after a minute and sat down, his head full of the beauty that had just passed by. For the first time in his life he had a nearly overwhelming urge to take down his pants and masturbate. No, better yet to strip altogether, he thought. The proud young woman in the impossibly high heels would want him naked when he masturbated in tribute to her beauty. He fought down his urge with great effort, got to his feet and stretched to clear his head. He started at the brisk knock that sounded on his door at that very moment.

Edward crossed the floor and opened his door with more than a little trepidation. He didn't know what he dreaded more; to see the faces of William Jenks and Ned Trompton back perhaps to thrash him, or to see the matronly form of his imagined summer traveling companion. He was unprepared for the sight that met his eyes. He felt for a moment as if the first act of an erotic dream had just commenced.

There before him stood the pretty young woman he had just seen from his window.

**Judith Boston**  
**by**  
**Titian Beresford**  
**Part II**

Edward swallowed hard and stared witlessly. From the pointed toes of her high-heeled pumps to her perfect hair, Judith Boston seemed to him a smiling, unblemished young goddess. The severity of her colorless tight clothes served to accentuate the beauty of her face and body rather than to diminish it.

In that first moment when Edward's eyes met those of Judith Boston, he was undone. Something unspoken transpired between them, a thing undefinable, though very real nonetheless. His spirit would have quailed and succumbed to a far lesser personality than that possessed by Judith Boston. But before Judith Boston's dominating demeanor he was helpless and unmanned, almost emasculated.

"Well, you must be Edward," Judith purred. "Aren't you going to invite me in?"

Edward, still stunned, stammered out an incomprehensible syllable or two, but at last found presence of mind to reach out and take Judith Boston's proffered hand. Her grip was firm. The expensive leather of the black gloves she now wore felt cool against the skin of his palm.

Her eyes seemed amused by the artlessness of his reaction. In that moment Judith Boston read Edward like a book. She had seen such as him before. Her eyes danced playfully. A summer of enjoyment lay before her.

Edward at last found his voice. "Yes, Ma'am, I'm very glad to... Oh, I'm sorry! Please come in." Edward found it disconcerting to look into Judith's eyes, so he lowered his glance as she swept past him into the room. This did little to set his mind at ease. Up close, Judith Boston's charms were more striking than ever could be guessed from a distance. She was so trim and neat, yet curvaceous in a way that seemed an open invitation. As she walked through his room to the window and spun about on her heels, Edward's eyes were enslaved by the elegant curves of her stockinged calves above the gleam of her pumps.

Judith had seen all she needed to. "I see you're packed, Edward. Excellent. Bring

your suitcase and come with me. I'm sure we can get properly acquainted on the train." Judith was not in the least bit interested in the boy's dreary room.

Edward was following her into the hall before he realized the obedience she so effortless commanded in him. Judith had already moved down the hall and was descending the stairs. Edward locked his door and scrambled to catch up. His eyes were drawn to the wiggle of her hips and buttocks as she walked quickly toward the front entrance of the dorm.

In the hall below they passed a bullnecked crony of William and Ned's, who stopped in his tracks and stared stupidly. Edward flushed with pride to be seen with this lovely young woman. Judith haughtily ignored the gaping fellow, but paused a few steps later to turn around and wait for Edward, who was struggling with his bag. She was impatient.

"Hurry along, Edward, we mustn't delay. We have a train to catch."

"Where are we going, Miss? I mean Miss Boston... if you please?" Edward managed to ask between gasps. He had changed suitcase hands several times already, realizing he had packed his case too heavily.

"I don't stand on formality, Edward. I'm sure we'll soon be friends. Call me Judith."

Edward stumbled to catch up, for she had again drawn ahead. "Where are we going, Judith?"

"In good time, Edward. You'll know soon enough," she replied cryptically.

All the way to the black limousine, whose driver waited for Judith by the open door, Edward was amazed at the male attention she received. The pretty young woman was a magnet for male eyes everywhere. Students, staff and professors alike, all who passed her found their eyes were no longer under their control. Those who liked breasts, those who relished bottoms, those who favored legs, and even those who fancied pretty high-heeled shoes, all found their dreams come to life in Judith Boston.

The driver of the limo was most solicitous to Judith. A tall, square-jawed man of discretion and quiet composure, he took Edward's large suitcase from him and

effortlessly swung it into the voluminous trunk. Then he opened the rear door for Judith and held it as she bent over and stepped into the automobile. Edward's were not the only eyes on her buttocks and thighs as she slid within. Several passing young men stared goggle-eyed, much to the annoyance of the young ladies accompanying them. The driver closed the other rear door behind Edward, and soon they were off.

The big Lincoln accelerated with a smooth purr of understated power. Edward didn't come from a poor family by any means, but he found himself overwhelmed by the rich, dark, tooled leather and walnut luxury of the interior. Judith plied him with questions about himself, his family and his background much of the way to the train station. From Edward's answers, from his choice of words when answering, and from an intuitive skill at reading between the lines, Judith learned more about Edward in those few minutes than he ever would have dreamed.

Edward had trouble tearing his eyes from Judith's prettily crossed legs the entire way. His heart had not yet stopped racing, and he suddenly realized it wasn't only from the strain of carrying his heavy suitcase so far to the automobile. Already poor Edward was helplessly twisted about Judith Boston's little finger, though he had no way of knowing then to what extent this was true. He felt a keen thrill go through him when she smiled, especially if it was because he had pleased her with his answer to one of her probing questions.

When they arrived at the station, Edward once again found himself toting his heavy bag as he followed Judith through the crowds. She effortlessly threaded her way through the throngs of travelers while Edward bumped along behind. She smiled as he repeatedly apologized for his large bag to those he occasionally and abruptly encountered with it. Still, his eyes found ample time to absorb the slight wiggle of Judith's hips, the pistoning of her perfect calves as she walked just ahead, and the mincing twist of her brisk steps. In fact, many of the collisions with Edward's suitcase were caused when passing men spun about to drink in the sight of Judith Boston's backside.

Presently they arrived at the proper track where the gleaming silver coaches loomed poised for their journey. A conductor stepped down to offer Judith his hand to aid her up the steps. She smiled and accepted graciously. Edward struggled up the steps with his bag to see that Judith had presented the conductor with two tickets for two adjoining sleeping compartments. So it was to be a long

trip.

Then Judith shocked Edward. "Edward, give the conductor the bag that you found unattended in the station. I have no doubt that someone may be quite frantic to have it returned."

The conductor smiled and took Edward's bag from him, thanking Judith for her thoughtfulness in seeing it delivered to someone who could properly tend to it.

Edward was stunned. He started to stutter a weak protest, but a sharp look from Judith stopped him in his tracks.

As the conductor stepped down from the train to deliver the bag to the stationmaster, Judith addressed Edward. "Don't you ever question me again, Edward," she said archly. "You've looked silly long enough toting that great ugly thing about." She smiled. "Besides, Edward, your clothes are quite hopeless, I'm afraid."

As the train shuddered and pulled slowly from the station, Judith and Edward settled into their adjoining compartments. Edward had never been in a sleeping car before, so Judith showed him his folding berth and the tiny bathroom. Judith told him that he must never open the sliding door between their compartments without her consent and he nodded obediently. To his surprise a suitcase stood on the floor of his compartment. Judith opened it and laid out clothes for him.

"I... how do you know my size?"

"That is no concern of yours, Edward. I don't wish to see you in your frightful old clothes again. Put these on. I shall have the clothes you are wearing disposed of, even your underthings. We will start afresh." Judith smiled at Edward and patted his cheek with her gloved hand. "It's been only a short while and already I'm very fond of you, Edward." Edward's heart soared and he blushed crimson. Judith stepped through the door connecting their compartments and shut it behind her.

Edward obediently stripped naked and prepared to put on the clothes Judith had laid out for him. There were no underpants. He considered using the ones he had just taken off, but thought better of it. Judith had been most specific. Soon he stood fully dressed and surveyed himself in the tiny wall mirror.

He wore light brown shoes, white trousers, a grey pullover vest, a white shirt and black tie. He didn't like the feel of any of the new clothes at all. They were sized properly according to length, but seemed tight, starched, and uncomfortable otherwise. Edward fancied the clothes made him look like a young boy somewhat and he didn't like it. And something was wrong with the trousers. There was nothing between his penis and the sharp metal of his zipper. It chafed him and gave him an uncomfortable and constant awareness of his genitals. His pants were also fashioned in such a way that they compressed his balls and underside when he pulled them up his hips to the proper place.

Edward resolved to say nothing of this to Judith. These were personal matters, and such revelations would seem to her to be ingratitude on his part.

A moment later Judith knocked on their connecting door and entered. She looked at Edward approvingly, and suggested that they go to the lounge car for a time before dinner. Edward beamed with pride at being the escort of such a beautiful woman.

The lounge car was indeed sumptuous. Judith and Edward sat in adjoining leather swivel chairs beside a small table. Edward's eyes were worshipful as Judith settled in her chair and crossed her legs demurely. For the first time he found the hiss of her nylon-clad thighs as they rubbed together to be a cause of gentle torment.

It seemed but a moment before a well-dressed man sat beside Judith and introduced himself to her. Judith seemed to warm to the stranger, and Edward sulked quietly as they talked, feeling hurt and ignored. The man, who identified himself as James Etheridge, a partner in a prestigious law firm, offered to buy them both a drink. Judith's pleasant, "Edward will have milk, if you please," caused him great embarrassment. He sank into his chair in blushing indignation when the glass was delivered by a smiling porter.

As Judith and James Etheridge conversed, Edward found himself stealing glances at her lovely legs. He tried to quell this urge in him, which he knew to be vile and hopeless besides, yet his eyes had a mind of their own... or perhaps it was that Judith's legs held his eyes prisoner. He thought himself in heaven when Judith dangled one of her gleaming pumps from her stockinged toes and wiggled her crossed leg nonchalantly. His cock erected into the unyielding cold metal zipper of

his trousers as he willed her legs to spread - to no avail.

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James Etheridge joined them at dinner in the dining car. Judith and James sat across from him at the small table covered by spotless linen. The shaded lamp on the table created an atmosphere both pleasant and warm. This was lost on Edward. As James and Judith conversed through the first courses of their meal, Edward's mind was on the sight he had seen. He had a mental image of photographic clarity of Judith's pretty stockinged foot coyly bouncing her gleaming pump up and down - mesmerizing him. He could imagine her thighs opening to him, inviting him to explore the mystery in between them with the hardness threatening to rupture the front of his trousers.

"Edward! Edward! I'm speaking to you!"

Edward was startled out of his reverie by Judith's voice. He looked up into her pretty face and couldn't decide if there was a hint of contempt curving her lips. She turned to James for a moment.

"Perhaps Edward was off in some absurd world of his own. How dare I summon him back from it!" James Etheridge laughed and Edward reddened. "Edward, I'm afraid I dropped my spoon. I think it may be more toward your side of the table," Judith purred. Her smile broadened. "Would you get it for me, please? Be a dear."

Edward readily lifted the tablecloth from his lap and bent down and forward to retrieve Judith's spoon. He nearly gasped at the sight that met him beneath the table! Judith sat with her legs wide open. No doubt conscious that she was well hidden by the long tablecloth, she had grown careless of propriety. Her skirt was riding high on her shapely thighs. She had kicked off both her pumps. Her right foot was deliciously arched on the carpeted floor of the dining car. Her legs spread still wider, and Edward thought he could see the area of shadow at the juncture of her thighs. The fine mesh of her stockings did little to conceal the luscious fruit that dangled before his eyes. Edward's young cock stiffened instantly at the mouth-watering sight and chafed painfully against his zipper.

Edward had a mad desire to stay under the table and feast his eyes on Judith Boston's lovely legs and inviting cleft forever. He compromised and allowed

himself an extra moment or two to gaze rapturously, then he began to straighten up with Judith's spoon grasped safely in his right hand. At that moment Judith moved her legs, almost as though to provide him with a better view. He caught a tantalizing glimpse of pink flesh - she obviously wasn't wearing anything beneath her pantyhose - before she crossed her legs. Then the perfect toes of Judith's right foot swept for one moment of agonizing delight right across his mouth and nose. In that moment, when Judith's silken toes glided across Edward's face, he smelled an intoxicating mixture of ever-so-slightly-moist nylon, expensive leather, and the intimate smell of Judith Boston herself. From that very moment Judith Boston owned Edward body and soul.

Edward's mind was in a whirl through the rest of dinner. The finest delicacies in all the world could have been set before him and he wouldn't have cared a bit. He sat dreamily, looking at Judith Boston as she talked to her companion. His eyes were nothing short of worshipful. His cock was tormentingly erect against the biting metal of his zipper.

When they at last retired for the evening, Judith chided Edward for not being more conversational. Then she ruffled his hair playfully, said goodnight, and stepped from his compartment.

Edward was in his tiny bathroom and had just finished urinating when he thought he heard Judith call him softly. He tucked his penis - which had gone flaccid since he'd seen the hint of Judith's glorious pussy beneath the dinner table - back into his trousers. He set himself aright, left the tiny water closet, crossed his compartment and opened the door to Judith's. He realized a split second later that he had made a terrible mistake. His eyes threatened to bug from his head.

Judith Boston sat primly on her extended Pullman bed. She was bent well forward at the waist. This emphasized the swelling curves of her hips and her bottom. She was fully dressed except for having slipped out of her elegant black pumps. Her stockinged feet were arched enticingly on the carpeted floor. Before her stood James Etheridge. He was naked. His hips were thrust outward toward Judith and his shoulders were braced against the wall of her compartment. His hands were clenched and unclenched spasmodically into impotent fists. His eyes were tightly shut, and he was panting out his breaths in gasping moans.

Edward's jaw dropped. Judith was sucking contentedly on the rock-hard penis that



jutted impertinently below the belly of the man they'd met just this afternoon! The fingers of both her hands clenched tightly around his shaft as her pretty lips ringed the head of his swollen tool and softly urged and drew him toward orgasm. Sweat glistened on James Etheridge's brow, and his legs trembled. His lips mouthed incomprehensible syllables as his hips seemed to be trying to pull his cock back from Judith's uncompromising mouth. But there was no escape, nor did James Etheridge want there to be. Judith sucked and sucked, pausing occasionally to lick delicately around the swollen head and lash the shaft with brazen strokes that left the flesh glistening. But she always returned to the same steady motion once the stranger's tool was again buried deep in her throat - bobbing her head up and down and slurping noisily as if the prick she devoured was a peppermint stick.

James Etheridge's eyes rolled back. He put his hands on the top of Judith's head and pulled her to him so as to penetrate her gullet even more thoroughly. He was thrusting into her mouth and throat now, fucking her with increasing ferocity. Judith simply continued to pump him with the pressure exerted by her lips and teeth, while her hands worked busily around the bottom part of his shaft and his balls. She even took each of those plums into her mouth and rolled them about, before releasing them to return to Etheridge's veined shaft.

Judith looked up into her guest's face and, apparently liking what she saw, pumped with renewed fury designed to bring about the desired eruption. At last Etheridge threw his head back as a wrenching cry was torn from him. Judith began to lick the swollen purple head of his cock as he began to come powerfully. Edward's stunned eyes clearly saw semen splash from James Etheridge's penis onto and about Judith's goading tongue. Then her mouth was on him again, her lips halfway down the length of his prick, sucking strongly. Edward saw her swallow time and time again as James trembled and shuddered helplessly. He was like a butterfly pinned to a mounting board beneath Judith's thirsty mouth.

Edward had been rooted to the spot, too deep in shock to move a step. He staggered back into his compartment, trembling with lust and confusion and not a little fear. Before he fled, Judith's eyes directed a glance of ice-cold anger his way the likes of which he had never seen. As she licked the droplets of semen from her smiling lips, her eyes held his for an endless moment of threatening promise.

**Judith Boston**  
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**Part III**

Judith entered Edward's compartment and shut the door behind her. She was carrying a large medical case in her hand which she put down by Edward's bed.

"I... I'm so sorry, Miss Boston, I thought you called me and I didn't want to keep you waiting."

"Don't be absurd, Edward why would I call you during such a moment of innocent enjoyment? Now I'm afraid you must be punished. My patience has run out. You've been sulky, jealous, frightfully mannered and now disobedient." Judith stood with legs apart, hands on hips before a quailing Edward. Her eyes narrowed. As if in a dream he watched her pretty lips form the words, "Take off every stitch of your clothing, Edward, and do so immediately!"

He did her bidding with trembling hands. He soon stood before her totally naked. He covered his genitals with his hands as best he could, embarrassed by his nudity and by her appraising glance.

Judith extended his bed and sat down on it. She opened the medical case and drew from it a pair of elbow-length rubber gloves. She pulled them on, stretching and snapping the tight black material as she did so to insure a proper fit. She reached into the bag again, withdrawing a black rubber mat which she carefully spread on the floor at her feet. "Lie down on the mat, Edward," she commanded. The rubber mat was very cold on Edward's bare bottom and back, but he obeyed nonetheless.

Edward had long since given up trying to conceal his privates. His penis and scrotum lolled in full view - his cock fully erect and throbbing - but Judith paid no attention. She withdrew a small telescoping stand from her case and set it up adjacent to Edward's hips. Next she withdrew a large metal can and a length of black rubber hose. She screwed one end of the black hose onto a ring on the top of the metal can, turned the can upside down, and hung it from a hook in the top of the stand.

Edward's prick began to jump at the sight of Judith's pretty legs and thighs so

close at hand. He swallowed hard, shut his eyes, and tried to pretend what was happening was all a bad dream.

Judith then produced a strange device from the depths of her case. It consisted of a large perforated nozzle with a thickened cuff at its base to which a thin black tube connected. The tube terminated in a round rubber bulb. Judith removed a jar of lubricant from her case and liberally applied the jelly to the end of the nozzle. Then, with a pleased look on her pretty face, she reached down and lifted Edward's scrotum out of the way with one hand and pushed the greased nozzle deeply into his bottom with the other.

Edward jumped at this assault on his last bit of dignity. A sharp look from Judith put an end to all thoughts of resistance. Plus, despite the violent discomfort of the insertion, he still had eyes for Judith's charms. She had removed her jacket, and her tight white blouse did little to hide the firm magnificence of her breasts.

Edward lay squirming, the nozzle well penetrating his backside. Judith laughed. "Raise your legs and bring your knees up to your chest. Hold them with your hands. This is a special type of enema nozzle, Edward. Once inserted it's inflated with air to insure a tight seal." Judith sat above him and squeezed the small bulb rhythmically in her gloved hand. Edward moaned and felt like his insides were going to explode. At last the nozzle was fully inflated. Judith then connected it to the hose hanging from the enema can. She held the hose in her hands, and toying with the large clip that pinched it shut halfway down its length.

"You'll probably feel some pain and discomfort, Edward. It won't kill you. It will be the first in a series of lessons on the fruits of disobedience. And I have so much to teach you, my dear. So very much indeed!" The next hour was a waking nightmare for Edward James. Never had he known such depths of excruciating humiliation. He lay naked, genitals bare, while the prettiest woman he had ever seen unclamped the enema hose and the flow began. Judith's eyes settled on Edward's face to savor every contortion and grimace of pain. The flow into his bowels was hot, soapy, and heavy beyond belief. He felt his abdomen distend and compress from the merciless flow. He was soon sweating profusely. He experienced agonizing cramps. His arms were locked trembling about his knees, holding them up to his chest. Judith had forbidden him to straighten his legs, and this further compressed his abdomen. Heedless now of his bare balls hanging exposed to Judith's appraising gaze, Edward began to sob with pain until the tears poured

down his cheeks.

"This can go on forever," Judith purred. "The nozzle can't be withdrawn until it's deflated. Perhaps I'll make you hold this enema for the entire night!" Judith giggled as this threat brought earnest pleas of mercy from Edward between his sobs and whimpers. Judith felt a thrill. She truly enjoyed every moment of her little game. Her panties were wet with arousal. She surveyed Edward's cock and balls with sparkling eyes and parted lips.

"You've barely taken half the can, Edward," she intoned smoothly. The second half is always the hardest."

A knock sounded on Edward's compartment door. Someone in the corridor of the sleeping car craved admittance! To Edward's disbelief and horror Judith said, "Come in!" Judith smiled down maliciously at Edward as the door opened. There stood a pretty young woman in a tight grey suit, stockings and high heels. "Hello, Ronnie." Judith smiled. "I hadn't realized we had arrived at your station so soon. As you can see, I've been occupied." The girl smiled and surveyed Edward smugly. She shut the door behind her as her eyes continued to absorb the sight of the enema device protruding from Edward's asshole. "Edward, dear, meet Ronnie Slatworth."

Ronnie Slatworth's smile didn't leave her face as she stepped over Edward, placing her small case down beside where Judith sat on Edward's bed. Edward had a most improper view of her curvaceous stockinged legs all the way up to her lace garter straps. But he was in far too much misery to appreciate it.

Judith placed the clip back on Edward's enema hose. Then she exchanged pleasantries with Ronnie while Ronnie opened her case and put on black rubber gloves identical to Judith's.

"Did you bring the enema harness, Ronnie?" Judith asked.

Ronnie smiled. "Of course! I would never neglect to bring the harness." From her suitcase she pulled a set of black leather straps that looked positively medieval. "May I put it on him, Judith?" Judith nodded.

Ronnie knelt down and placed Edward's head in her lap. "I was afraid I was going

to miss all the fun," she pouted prettily. She flipped a rebellious lock of golden brown hair from her eyes with one gloved hand. Then she buckled a thick leather collar about Edward's neck. She passed a leather strap around Edward's knees and buckled it. Then she fastened two leather cuffs to his wrists, and connected smaller straps from the wrist cuffs to the larger strap about his knees. She used the final strap to connect the wrist-knee assembly to the collar around Edward's neck. She cinched all the straps tight - though not so tight as to cause pain - and stood up to survey her handiwork.

Edward lay trussed up like a pig ready for the barbecue. Any attempt at freeing himself would result in self-inflicted strangulation.

Judith congratulated Ronnie on her expertise with the enema harness, Ronnie smiled and blushed modestly.

Judith leaned down to speak to Edward. Her pretty lips were curved into a cruel smile. "Don't worry, you poor dear. I was wrong when I said you had only taken half the can, It was only a third of the can. The pain will be such that you may well be tempted to thrash about and perhaps even scream. However, the enema harness will prevent you from doing either nasty thing. I daresay you have hardly enough air left for gasping with your knees drawn up so tight to your chest."

Edward's last reserves crumbled away. There at the feet of his pretty tormentors the naked young man entreated, begged and cried for mercy. Judith and Ronnie listened to his wasted pleas with self-satisfied smiles on their faces. At last Edward's need for air cut short his eloquence.

Ronnie sat fetchingly on the floor beside Edward - her legs spread wide - as Judith unclamped the hose again. Ronnie's eyes were on Edward's balls and Judith's were on his face as his agony began again. Edward writhed and twisted his body to the pathetic limits allowed by the harness. It was almost as though he was trying to pull his bare buttocks away from the misery of the nozzle and hose that impaled him. The agony now greatly surpassed everything he had felt before. He was engulfed and violated by a flood. The water that squirted into him exacerbated and amplified the excruciating discomfort caused by what had been pumped into him already. The pressure was unutterably horrible. The inflated cuff kept the nozzle firmly in place. Edward's skin fairly shone, soaked with sweat. His stifled writhings only made him choke and cough, so he lay still, trembling

violently. He bit his lip, and his wild eyes darted to and fro between the amused and disdainful faces of his pretty disciplinarians.

It seemed a thousand years later when Judith purred, "Well, you've taken the whole can, Edward. Perhaps you're of some use after all."

Edward's cock was fully erect, the head fiery and swollen. A drop of pre-ejaculate glistened at the tip. The pressure on his prostate and his entire genital area was immense and caused the reflex. Until this point Edward was in too much misery to experience any enjoyment of a sexual nature. His erection was not lost on Judith or Ronnie Slatworth.

"Ooh, Ronnie! The poor little thing is feeling amorous," Judith giggled mockingly.

Ronnie needed no telling. Her eyes sparkled with delight at the sight of Edward's stiff cock. She reached over and fondled Edward's down-covered scrotum with her robber-gloved hand. She kneaded it firmly. Despite his anguish at still having to hold the enema, Edward was not immune to the manipulation. He pleaded for Ronnie to let go of his scrotum and tried vainly to twist away.

Ronnie did release his scrotum, but only to begin to fondle his swollen shaft with lewd little pulls and tugs. Edward moaned beseechingly. He had never felt a sensation so overwhelmingly pleasurable. He had never even touched himself this way. Ronnie gently rubbed the base of his tool with two gloved fingertips. Her lips were pursed slightly in an expression of innocent curiosity. Edward's cock began to dribble a string of clear fluid down upon her gloves.

Ronnie had allowed her skirt to ride high up on her stockinged thighs. Her breasts rose and fell, and her cheeks were flushed.

Edward could see the moss surrounding her luscious pussy lips through the mesh of her stockings. He thought her slit itself gasped from the intensity of her passion and excitement. He'd never seen anything like it. Judith slipped off her pumps and sat prettily at Edward's head in her stockinged feet. She lifted her right foot and pointed her toes. Gently, she brought her toes down to cover Edward's trembling mouth and nose. Edward's erection hardened massively in Ronnie's gloved fist. She had been working it up and down roughly, giggling at the slap of his balls against his lower buttocks. Feeling his surge of arousal, she squealed and laughed.

Judith smiled smugly down at Edward as her perfect toes impudently played about his lips and nostrils. Seeing her playthings hot, eager and gasping for breath amused her. Ronnie smiled, still fisting Edward's drooling cock as Judith placed her foot lightly over his mouth and nose. He writhed and twisted, seeking escape from the gentle suffocation to which he was being subjected.

Judith looked at Edward's prick. It was vastly swollen to its vein-popping, purple-tipped, dribbling maximum. "Ronnie, release Edward's cock for a moment. I fear you may overexcite him otherwise. And we wouldn't want him to come all over, now would we?" Judith turned and looked down at Edward's imploring face. Her lips pursed and her eyes softened in an expression of mocking sympathy. "Do you know why I've had Ronnie jerk you off, Edward, my dear?" Edward's reply was lost, muffled beneath Judith's stockinged toes. "I've had Ronnie pump your stiff little cock in order to help you retain the fluids that are doing you a world of good." Judith and Ronnie then conversed, almost completely ignoring Edward. He was left to squirm in renewed anguish as another wave of cramps began. Through his haze of misery, he gathered that their destination was a place called the Rothesay Academy. Ronnie was a student there, and Judith had connections there as well. Both Ronnie and Judith mentioned the names of several other young ladies that they were eager to see. His pain soon mastered him again and all their talk was swept from his fevered mind. Unexpectedly, Judith reached down between Edward's thighs and held his balls cupped in one hand. She was very casual and nonchalant about it, almost as if she was determining the potential of a stud animal. Edward almost fainted with shame and delight. His tortured prick twitched to a renewed, convulsive and unbearable erection.

Judith abruptly let go of Edward's scrotum. Ronnie giggled at his muted gasp of disappointment and at the look on his face. A clear string of Edward's arousal hung from Judith's black rubber glove. She wiped it away with a cloth, her lips curled in delicate distaste.

At last, as if bored with the entire matter, Judith and Ronnie released Edward from the bondage of his straps. They helped him to his feet and escorted him briskly to the door of his bathroom. Only then did they have him bend over at the waist so they could deflate the enema nozzle. This was done quickly with the turn of a valve and a hiss of air. Then Ronnie pushed him into the tiny room and Judith shut the door behind him.

When Edward finally emerged he was weak-kneed, perspiring and very shaky. The door to Judith's compartment was locked. It was then he realized that the clothes Judith had given him were nowhere to be found. The suitcase was gone. He tiptoed to the corridor door and opened it a crack. A laughing young couple passed by, arms about each other. Edward was effectively a prisoner, bound for an unknown destination, accompanied by two lovely women whose chief delight was his degradation. He sat on the floor, naked beside his bed. Despite the agony he'd suffered, his cock remained erect. The thought of Judith was a constant stimulant; the memory of her pink slit beneath her mesh stockings was a reminder of his unceasing need.

Judith's door opened abruptly. The two girls entered and dragged him to his feet. He didn't resist as they fastened a heavy belt around his waist. His wrists were cuffed to the belt. A strap was passed down between his buttocks and fastened to the front of the belt. The strap parted at the right point to leave a gap for his balls. Then a rigid leather cup was snapped over his cock and fastened to the belt and the strap.

Judith smiled at him. "Goodnight, Edward," she purred softly.

'He should sleep like a baby in his genital governor," Ronnie added. They left him alone, closing and locking the door behind them.

After some effort, Edward managed to flop awkwardly onto his Pullman bed. He lay still for a long time. It seemed to him that he had entered a dream world of incredibly erotic, yet humiliating bewilderment. Beneath the rigid leather cup his cock was agonizingly erect. For the first time in his life he was tormented beyond endurance by his desires. For the first time he would have masturbated, despite the terrible warnings his father had given him in his childhood. Unfortunately, his penis was inaccessible to his hands. He rolled over onto his stomach. Relief was almost impossible with his hands trussed to his sides. Then Edward worked his hips, rubbing his crotch madly against the edge of his bed. He was beside himself to ease the pressure in his genitals. Ronnie's goading hands had maddened him. Judith's all-too-brief caress had enslaved him. He wanted to fuck them both, plunge his aching cock into their delicious pussies, though the very thought of it - something he would never have dared consider before recent events - made him slightly ashamed. His lewd wiggles were to no avail. The rigid cup kept all friction



from his tormented privates. At last he fell into an exhausted sleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

As Edward fell asleep, Judith Boston and Ronnie Slatworth were otherwise occupied. Ronnie was kneeling on all fours on her rumpled Pullman bed. A handsome young man was kneeling on the floor behind her, kissing her bare bottom. Ronnie looked back to watch as much as she could as the young man's tongue played about her tight anus. The fingers of his left hand were deeply inserted into the depths of Ronnie's cunt. Acquainted for but two hours after meeting in the lounge car, Ronnie and her new friend had recognized a mutual lustful attraction. Ronnie shamelessly urged the young man to penetrate her backside without delay. He stood up. Ronnie's eyes widened at the sight of his Herculean erection. His cock was long and thick. Dark veins patterned the shaft, which was already twitching in anticipation. The head was wide and a deep purple hue. She licked her lips. Ever since the delightful entertainment afforded her and Judith by their poor little doormat, Edward, she had been longing for some sexual relief.

The young man's thick tool lolled heavily against Ronnie's thigh. He took himself in hand and guided the tip of his club-like organ to her bottom-hole. Ronnie gasped to feel the probing and then the luscious fullness of the slow insertion. It seemed as though his huge cock would have to tear her apart, but instead it simply stretched and stretched the resilient ring of hard muscle and worked its way inside. Her abdomen tensed at the delicious violation. Waves of heat that began in her pussy rose quickly to her head until she thought she was going to faint. She pushed back against the hard cock and wiggled her hips. The young man began to work his tool to and fro in her rectum. He seemed inspired by the sight and feel of this pretty young woman, who had so delighted him with conversation and her physical charms. Ronnie's bottom worked on his tool. She was naked except for her stockings, and they were no hindrance to lovemaking. Indeed, they seemed to inspire the young man to greater efforts. He put his hands against her, thighs so as to feel the mesh of the stockings as he rammed into her asshole. Then he pounded her fiercely, thrusting so hard that his belly slapped her buttocks with a resounding smack at each stroke. His balls thudded against her upper thighs as he delved deeper and deeper. Ronnie met his frenzied plunges with equal fervor, pushing back against him so as to heighten the sensations that consumed them both. He was breathing hard and perspiration sheened his body. He reached

around and grasped Ronnie's swaying breasts, rolling the engorged nipples between his fingers as he began long strokes that would bring them both to a roaring climax. Ronnie involuntarily tensed down hard on the penis that was making such intimate acquaintance with her backside. This was enough to send the young man over the brink. His jaw hung slack and his eyes twitched shut as he began to ejaculate deep in Ronnie's ass. Ronnie pouted as she felt the somewhat premature spurts of passion begin. She hadn't quite reached orgasm.

When her friend at last withdrew his softening tool, Ronnie rolled over and had him masturbate her. His fingers busied themselves in the tangle of dark curls between her legs. He placed his palm flat against the bony swell of her mount and thrust two fingers into her slit. He began to slide the digits in and out, letting the pressure of his palm satisfy the demands imposed by her engorged clitoris. When his fingers were thoroughly moist, he added another and began to frig Ronnie gently, then with increasing speed. She moaned as he moved faster and faster, rotating his wrist so as to stretch her sensitive lips and give her the greatest pleasure. He bent his head to suck at her nipples, flicking across the wine-dark flesh with his tongue as he continued to plumb her depths.

To Ronnie, his ministrations were ecstasy itself. She felt flooded by a growing heat that started in her belly and rose to her breasts, then her head. She gasped and moaned, writhing beneath these unfamiliar hands that were now so familiar. As Ronnie quivered and spent wetly, her mind was on poor Edward, all trussed up on the floor. She thought of how wonderful it was to feel his erect and abused penis trembling in her fist. She wondered what it would be like to have his smooth young cock inside her, plumbing the depths of her pussy. The fingers of the young man suddenly probed her even more deeply. She moaned and lifted her bare buttocks off the bedcovers. Edward's anguished face swam before her eyes. The possibilities were endless.

\* \* \* \* \*

As Ronnie Slatworth spent on the fingers of the young man who gently masturbated her, Judith Boston was also occupied elsewhere. She lay beneath a distinguished older man, whose cock had just been plunged deep into her quim. Judith wore only her white blouse and black tie. Otherwise she was naked. Her smooth legs were wrapped tight around the waist of her partner as he drove into her. Her fingers grasped the muscled curves of her naked lover's shoulders. Her

lips found his and they indulged in a long and probing kiss, accentuated by the motion of their loins.

Judith's hair was still up in a perfect bun. Her partner gazed down at her worshipfully as he felt her move beneath him with a knowing and sensual skill. From her lips to the almost impish curve of her nose to her innocent wide blue eyes, she was perfection. The man who was fucking her was very successful in business, and not easily given to sentimentality or vain imaginings. Yet he thought this young woman, who fairly squeezed the breath from him with her legs and the sperm from him with her pussy, to be a goddess. Judith's bare heels pummeled his buttocks as she writhed beneath him. He reached down and moved aside Judith's black tie and began to undo the buttons of her blouse. The sight of her breasts, revealed near to the nipple by her low cut bra, almost made him ejaculate then and there. Judith sensed his crisis and smiled. She moved beneath him and first one, then the other of her breasts came into view from her loosened bra. His arms trembled as he poised himself above her. Then he slowly withdrew his throbbing cock from her. He rolled over and pillowed his head in the crook of her arm.

Judith propped herself up on one elbow and looked tenderly down into her partner's face as he began to suck the engorged nipple of her firm breast. One of her hands found his cock and kept its ardor up with gentle toyings and fingerings. She could feel it hot and throbbing in her hand. A moment later Judith was atop her partner, guiding his tool into her damp recesses once again. Her generous breasts lolled in his face and he again found a nipple and sucked hungrily. His prick drove into her, impaling her on its insistent rigidity. As the twitching tool pistoned in her deepest parts, and her hips raised and lowered to meet it, Judith's mind filled with pleasurable visions.

She closed her eyes, picturing Edward lying harnessed and helpless on the floor, his anus violated by the huge inflated nozzle and the black rubber hose. The vision of Edward's penis, bobbing and helplessly erect, was irresistible, as was the look of utter anguish and humiliation on his face. All these images were a sweet tonic to her. She moaned and writhed, grinding her bottom down onto the burning prick that ravaged her. The wild feeling of her partner's lips on her breasts, and his cock working in her deepest parts, brought her back to earth at last.

Her lover stopped sucking at her breasts. They rolled over as one until she was again beneath him. Her legs again wrapped tightly about his waist as their mounds

moved together at a furious pace. This was their position of maximum penetration. He drove into her like a man possessed, pulling his cock from the grasping folds of her pussy until the head alone remained within, then pistoning deeply into her once again until his balls slapped her upturned buttocks. He grasped her jiggling breasts as he worked his cock in and out, crushing the firm mounds and pinching the nipples between his fingers. Then he shifted his hands beneath her buttocks and lifted her slightly, drawing her cunt closer to the ravaging lance that was his prick. He fucked her this way for a time, then moved his legs outside hers so that he was effectively lying atop her belly. He began to slide up and down, his chest, belly, cock, and thighs maintaining excruciating contact as he worked in and out of her. Her canal was incredibly tight around his pulsating shaft as it scoured every inch of her sensitive membranes. Judith had begun to orgasm when her partner's huge prick squirmed and jolted inside her. She softly moaned as he rode her, dissolving in the intense liquid heat of passion. Her curving, broad white hips and buttocks clung tight to her partner and sucked his twitching, spurting organ dry.

**Judith Boston**  
**by**  
**Titian Beresford**  
**Part IV**

With the morning sunshine came a renewal of Edward's fear of additional degradation. He had awakened, realizing that the events of the previous day weren't a nightmare as he'd hoped. His heart was filled with dread and misgivings. What were Judith Boston and Ronnie Slatworth going to do with him? Why were they taking him where they were taking him? Why did they take such obvious delight in his pain and embarrassment? Edward carefully reviewed their talk of the night before. Rothesay Academy was the only clue. He lay listlessly for a time. He was just beginning to become aware that his prick was again very stiff and agitated, when his door opened.

Judith entered, followed by Ronnie. They both wore tight navy blue suits, outrageously high-heeled pumps, white blouses and white gloves.

"I have not given you permission to lie upon your bed, Edward," Judith said in a voice silky with menace. "I would have thought after last night's debacle and disgraceful intrusion that you'd have realized you are fit only for the floor."

"Obviously the boy has no common sense," Ronnie added primly.

Judith had Edward sit up on his bed. She and Ronnie sat down beside him, one on each side. Edward was acutely aware of his near-nakedness. His bottom was virtually bare, except for the strap that by now had worked its way into his anal crack. His cock and balls were stuffed in the rigid leather cup, it was true, but the cup was very small and his pubic hair was very much in evidence all about it.

Ronnie reached down between Edward's legs and unfastened the cup. She removed it and his hardening penis sprang free. Judith took the tip of his prick in her gloved hand and rubbed it with the ball of her thumb.

Ronnie watched intently as a long string of pre-come oozed from the slit in Edward's cockhead and slowly lengthened. It swung in fine arcs in time to the stroking rhythm of Judith's thumb. Edward's helpless hands clenched into fists as he struggled against the wrist-cuffs that bound them to the belt around his waist.

Judith now began pumping him in earnest, wrapping her fingers around his shaft and using long strokes. Edward moaned and squirmed beneath her as she jerked him up and down and around. With her other hand she teased his balls, running her fingertips along the sensitive sac and lifting each plum as if weighing it. She then moved the hand that was masturbating him to the base of his pole and stroked him furiously. She tugged harshly, delighting in the way his cockhead deepened in color and expanded more and more. The silt in the tip gasped as if starved for air, and the shaft pulsed in her fist. Edward hoped she would continue until his boiling sperm exploded from his cock, granting him the relief he so desperately sought. But it was not to be.

Soon Judith tired of her game and stopped. Edward hung his head in unappeased longing. Judith then kicked off both her shoes. Edward couldn't keep his eyes from her lovely feet, tracing the line from her ankles to her calves to her thighs, and to what lay between them.

Judith's nylons were of the sheerest silk. Her perfect toes were accented in the darker reinforced material. As she arched her stockinged feet on the carpet, Edward's wondering eyes absorbed the entirety of her glorious legs.

"Get down on your knees, Edward," Judith commanded while Ronnie watched intently. "Before you receive your first caning I want to teach you some humility."

Edward obeyed humbly. He knelt at Judith's feet with downcast eyes. His balls hung low and his penis remained thick and rigid from the excitement he was experiencing.

Judith then raised her foot to Edward's face. "Kiss it, Edward," she mocked softly.

Edward bent forward and pressed his nose to the spot just above the ball of Judith's arched foot, planting a gentle kiss on Judith's stockinged sole. But this was not enough to appease his desire! Urged on by the maddening heat in his balls, Edward dared to kiss Judith's foot again and again. Judith's pretty lips curled into a contemptuous smile.

Both girls stood over Edward then and dragged him to his feet. They laid him face down on his bed. "Now I shall have Ronnie give you a sound strapping, Edward," Judith said casually. "You would do very well to ponder your misdeeds as the strap

applies correction to your bare ass!"

Edward was still helplessly bound in his genital governor, though the cup had been removed. He lay meekly on the bedcovers. His eyes pleaded into Judith's amused face. She reached down and ruffled his hair. "Edward, I'm truly fond of you. That's why I find it necessary to enforce the application of such diligent correction."

Ronnie was dangling a long, thick, and well-oiled black strap from her hand. She had removed her white gloves, and she smiled as she ran the smooth leather through her hands. She kicked off her pumps and stood in her stockinged feet on the carpet, ready to begin Edward's punishment.

Judith brushed a golden lock of hair from her face and sat down on the bed, taking Edward's head on her lap. "Very well, Ronnie. You may begin. Give him two dozen applied with relish!"

Ronnie drew up on tiptoe and put her full weight into the first swing of the strap. It whirled through the air and crashed down upon Edward's bare buttocks. Before Edward had a full realization of the stunning pain from the first blow, Ronnie had delivered another, then a third.

The pain continued to mount until there was only a tormenting burning agony that scorched each twitching cheek. Had Edward been disposed to notice, he would have seen Ronnie Slatworth standing with her legs spread apart and up on her toes as she drew herself up to deliver each blow of the strap. He might also have noticed that she wasn't wearing panties beneath her tight skirt. Edward, however, was too occupied to enjoy the charms of his smirking tormentor.

After the eighth crash of the heavy strap upon his bottom - a particularly vicious undercut that nipped his balls - Edward lost all pretense of pride. He sobbed and tearfully pleaded for Ronnie to stop the whipping. His red and anguished face presented such a comical appearance that Ronnie did have to stop for a moment. She leaned back against the compartment wall, giggling.

"Oh, I can't help it. Poor Edward, he looks so funny and ridiculous.

Judith laughed and stroked Edward's cheek with her gloved hand. "See, dear Edward? Your begging and blubbering brings you little sympathy.

In a moment, after Judith's nod, Ronnie began Edward's punishment again. She brought the lash down in a whistling crescendo of strokes that crisscrossed Edward's buttocks with a latticework of welts. She didn't stop until Edward's bottom had received the full toll of two dozen. Judith surveyed Ronnie's handiwork. Edward's bottom was inflamed a deep, almost purple crimson. It looked frightfully sore. Edward's face was buried in Judith's lap. His shoulders shook with heaving sobs.

"Well done, Ronnie! Excellent work. A fine, rigorous, yet precise application."

Ronnie smiled. Her eyes flashed with pride as they lingered on Edward's flaming buttocks. Her mouth was open and her tongue moved over her lips. Ronnie savored the feel of her erect nipples, and became very aware that her pussy lips were more than a little moist.

Judith understood. Her cheeks were flushed with the enjoyment of the spectacle. Her pupil had proved adept and could now truly luxuriate in the enjoyment of the moment. Punishing a disobedient boy to the breaking point was always a delight.

Judith soon proceeded with an exquisite refinement of Edward's torment. She had Ronnie assist her in helping Edward to lie down on his back on the floor. Once again Ronnie fastened Edward in the enema harness, except that his hands were not bound to his knees, but still to the belt around his waist.

Edward lay miserably on his back, still gasping from the pain of the strapping. He was in dread of another enema, but he needn't have worried. Judith had other things in store. Judith and Ronnie surveyed him as he lay before them, his knees fastened to his chest by the neck collar, his cock and balls fully exposed.

Both Judith and Ronnie sat down beside Edward's buttocks. Judith removed her gloves. While Ronnie watched, Judith took Edward's soft cock in her bare hand. She caressed it gently as one might stroke a small animal. Edward groaned as his shaft began to stir. "Edward, I fear that your bottom has not fully paid for your trespasses," Judith purred. "I shall have to cane you on top of what Ronnie has already done to you."

Edward was nearly frantic at this new threat. He could only imagine the ferocious



pain of a caning applied immediately after a sound strapping. As his prick was gently and skillfully manipulated in Judith's hand, Edward stuttered and begged for mercy.

"Very well, Edward. Your pleas have moved me. Perhaps I will relent after all." Judith's hand maintained the slow stroking of Edward's cock even as she spoke. She jerked him off more forcefully with one hand, while unbuttoning her blouse with the other. She smiled mischievously at Edward when the garment fell open. His eyes popped at the glorious sight revealed. Judith's tits were restrained by a tight lace bra that threatened to snap from the pressure exerted upon it. The firm mounds seemed ready to overflow the cups. Judith continued stroking his shaft, sliding her hand up and down and moving it from side to side. The veined flesh-pole stiffened until its insistent throbbing became painful. Edward licked his lips as his tormentor unhooked her bra from the front and her magnificent breasts sprang free. They were large and round and stood out proudly. They were capped with dark, jutting nipples like enormous cones.

Ronnie looked at Judith with surprise and disappointment.

Surely Judith wasn't letting Edward off the hook!

Judith smiled knowingly at her. "Perhaps, Edward, if you show me that you possess great self-control I won't apply the cane to your buttocks," Judith cooed. She was continuing to tease Edward's penis, grasping it just below the tip with her thumb and index finger. The head of Edward's cock was bloated, purple and becoming very moist indeed.

Edward squirmed, causing the heavy black straps that bound him to creak. Ronnie cinched two of them tighter. Edward's jaw hung slack and he was moaning softly as Judith's maddening hand stroked his privates. The girls giggled as they watched the moisture drool from Edward's cock.

"I know you're distracted, Edward," Judith intoned softly, "so I'll make it simple for you. I'll masturbate you - just like this - but when you feel that I'm going to make you ejaculate, tell me and I'll stop. Otherwise, Edward, if you soil my hand with your sperm, Ronnie and I will both give you a strapping you won't soon forget. Well?" The stroking continued. Her fingers moved up and down his throbbing shaft. "Is this acceptable?" Edward's "Yes" degenerated into a sobbing moan as

Judith took his prick into her closed fist and began to pump it rapidly. The sensations mounted to an unbearable crescendo. Ronnie's eyes were on Edward's balls as they slapped against his buttocks with every stroke. "Ronnie, hold Edward's balls in your hand as I continue to jack off this hard cock." Judith laughed.

Ronnie coolly took the twin plums in her hand and held them gently while Judith continued the masturbation.

Edward's breath flowed from him in panting groans. The muscles of his imprisoned thighs were tensed and knotting convulsively. Every tendon in his neck stood out sharply, and he bit his lip. His eyes were clenched tightly shut. Perspiration was pouring down his brow.

Judith could feel the tensing of the helpless prick in her tormenting hand. Her cheeks were flushed as she watched the agonized contortions provoked by the masturbation. Edward's cock bobbed and jumped, the veins standing out in sharp relief against his pale flesh. Judith occasionally changed the tempo of her stroking, knowing that the variation delayed orgasm. She was an avid and skilled masturbatrix. She and a friend had once spent nearly three hours masturbating a fraternity pledge who was tied down helpless in their sorority house. A dozen other girls had watched.

"Remember, Edward. Don't let me stimulate you until you ejaculate and soil my hands," Judith warned softly.

Edward gritted out incomprehensible sounds and writhed in an agony of delight. He had often imagined the feel of a woman's hands on his cock, but the imagining was far outdone by the reality. His prick was so stiff it caused him actual pain. But, bound as he was in the enema harness and the genital governor, his penis was helpless to escape the hands that enslaved it and worked it up and down.

Ronnie still held Edward's balls. Her thumb stroked back and forth over the soft mounds. She watched Judith's handiwork with rapt admiration in her eyes. Her panties were more than a little moist and she had a mad desire to see Judith flog Edward's meat-pole to a messy spurting conclusion.

Judith, however, played Edward's cock like a finely tuned instrument. She worked

it now with smooth and light strokes, almost as if she wished to milk the sperm from the hanging sac between Edward's legs. Her eyes went to Edward's face as often as they lingered on the enraged penis her hands were gently tormenting. She read him well. It was obvious she had brought Edward to the point of endurance, and past. His gaping mouth, panting breaths, and rigid body were ample testimony to that fact. Judith smiled. At that moment, Edward probably would have considered slow death on the rack a small price to pay for orgasmic release in Judith's hands. She sat back on her stockinged heels as she continued to slowly masturbate Edward's cock. The curve and swell of her buttocks and hips were emphasized by her tight blue skirt. Her blouse did little to conceal the firm shape of her breasts. Her hair, as usual, was perfection itself, save for one golden lock that fell down across her left eye. Her hands now glistened with Edward's arousal as she slowly pumped him toward climax and punishment.

Ronnie's skirt had again ridden well up on her sleek thighs. If Edward's eyes had been open, instead of clenched tightly shut in the throes of masturbatory pleasure, he would have seen up between Ronnie's legs to the mossy 'V' beneath her skirt. Ronnie moved her fingers gently and amused herself with the feel of Edward's balls sliding about within his scrotum.

At last Judith decided to put Edward out of his misery. She stroked his cock rapidly bringing him to the crumbling edge of relief. "Shall I stop, Edward?" she purred.

Edward's strangled plea of "No... No! Oh don't... please." was cut short by a whimpering moan as Judith gave his penis the last pulls and tugs needed to send it over the edge of orgasm. Edward almost fainted with delight.

Judith quickly grasped the base of Edward's shaft with the fingertips of both her hands and drew the skin downward. There Edward's cock stood, poised, pulled taut beyond belief by Judith's fingers at its base. Ronnie licked her lips as she watched. Judith smiled. Edward was beside himself.

Edward's agonized penis began to twitch. Ronnie giggled at the visible expansion of its tormented purple head as it did so. His pole twitched again and then a third time. Judith's fingers held it tight. Then Edward's cock twitched again and jolted, spurting out a cascade of sperm that shot in a long, thick arc onto his abdomen. A series of spasming jerks followed that splashed semen onto his thighs, his stomach, the floor, his abdomen again, and all over Judith's and Ronnie's hands.

Judith's lips curled into a cruel smile as she felt the first hot squirts dribble down her fingers. Ronnie sat with her thighs pressed tightly together squeezing Edward's scrotum. Her eyes were glazed with lust.

Edward's cock continued to surrender messily to Judith's knowing hands. At last its squirts became feeble, and finally it sank down, red, shriveling and exhausted. Judith and Ronnie released him and wiped their soaking hands, first on his bare buttocks and then on a towel.

Edward came to himself, now that the intense stimulation that had mastered and distracted him was gone. His humiliation was complete, undiluted by sexual pleasure. He was aware only of his helpless nakedness. His shame colored his face as he felt the warm pool of semen stream down his stomach, buttocks and legs.

Judith and Ronnie stood triumphantly above him. He cringed at the way they smiled. Judith's arms were folded across her breasts. Her eyes were stern.

"Edward, I fear your self-control has proved sadly lacking. You have shamed yourself soundly. Your disgusting sperm has dribbled all over our fingers. I've never seen such a revolting spectacle." Ronnie's nose wrinkled in delicate disgust. "Now you shall receive a double caning on your already-well-punished buttocks. Ronnie, be a dear and turn him over. "

Ronnie smiled and quickly obeyed. She grasped Edward roughly at his hip and shoulder, and rolled him over ignominiously. Edward now found himself in an exaggerated kneeling position face down upon the floor, it was excruciatingly uncomfortable. Ronnie exclaimed with distaste as a bit of Edward's semen streaked her skirt as she rolled him over. Edward, to his momentary delight, found himself with a close up view of Ronnie Slatworth's pretty thighs and even prettier pussy as she stood smiling, waiting to help begin his punishment. The pink lips of her slit fringed with a downy coat of moss hovered in front of his eyes. He could feel his blood begin to pound once again.

Judith went to her compartment for a moment and returned almost immediately with two long rattan canes. They were thin, cruel instruments of pain. Ronnie's eyes sparkled as Judith gave her one. She practically pranced about on tiptoe in her eagerness for the fun to begin.

The two girls took up their stations on each side of Edward's hips, facing him. "You must atone for your lewd lack of self-control, Edward," Judith said pleasantly. Then she addressed Ronnie. "We shall cane him using the Prestwick School count. I shall be even, you shall be odd." At this point Edward stutteringly interrupted with a pathetic plea for mercy. Judith had Ronnie place a gag in Edward's mouth. "Very well, Ronnie, begin the count. Start the caning on three!" Ronnie complied willingly. "One and two and three and three..." Edward fairly howled into his gag, for on "three," Ronnie had risen on tiptoe and brought her cane down to lay an agonizing cut across both his bottom-cheeks. Judith added to his searing anguish by delivering a cruel cut to the joining of his buttocks and thighs on "four." And so it continued. Edward's agony was frightful for the next few minutes. It seemed to him that he lived a thousand eternities of torment. The canes fell across his bottom and thighs with uncompromising severity. They striped him from top to bottom. Judith eventually switched to a more flexible birch rod that wouldn't cause quite so much pain, but would allow her to reach the more sensitive portions of Edward's anatomy. She wielded it just as skillfully, changing to an up and down lashing motion that combined with Ronnie's efforts to leave a cross-hatch of marks on his flesh. Judith, however, cunningly flicked the birch with questing uppercuts that nipped at Edward's balls and drilled between his flexing buttocks. He flopped and squirmed in his restraints, and cried out into the gag until the tears ran freely down his cheeks.

When his punishment was complete, Edward was broken absolutely and forever to Judith Boston's will. He was as broken as if he had been slowly tortured on the wheel.

At last Judith and Ronnie threw down their canes and collapsed laughing onto Edward's Pullman bed. Judith gently chided Ronnie for lapsing into a fit of giggles when some of Edward's desperate contortions proved comical to watch. Ronnie had disrupted the count twice. Judith felt a warm glow of satisfaction as she gently rubbed the stockinged toes of her left foot with her right hand. Edward was proving to be an exciting, malleable companion. And truly, his young cock was attractive. Perhaps eventually...? She slipped into her gleaming pumps and surveyed the result of her skill. Edward lay trembling, giving vent to hoarse, muffled moans. He had lost his voice screaming ineffectually into the gag. His buttocks and legs were decorated with countless angry-looking red welts. His thighs were knotted. He was gasping.

**Judith Boston**  
**by**  
**Titian Beresford**  
**Part V**

When the three of them arrived at the train station shortly thereafter, passersby must have thought the obviously weak young man who exited the Silverliner at Gatwood station to be very lucky indeed. He had two such stunning escorts. He walked carefully between them as they gripped his arms and helped him along. The strikingly lovely blonde woman with regal presence and gleaming black pumps was complemented by her companion, a more earthy brunette. The young brunette had an almost sullen prettiness. She also wore black pumps, but carried herself with a trifle more youthful awkwardness than her perfectly poised and refined companion. Who among the wide-eyed males, young and old, would have thought that the young man was not in ill health or did not suffer from some rare and debilitating disorder? Who among the women who noticed the trio could have guessed that the young man limped because he had just received a strapping from the pouting brunette, been slowly masturbated to orgasm by the regal blonde, and then been caned until he was mad with pain by both? Who would have dreamed that such pretty women as these would have subjected him to such cruelty while he lay naked and pleading?

In a moment the three travelers reached another great black automobile, whose impeccable driver was more taciturn than the first. This driver bent to kiss Judith's gloved hand, took their bags from the porter who had followed them, and in a moment they were off. The porter watched the automobile until it was out of sight. When it was gone he shook his head to clear it of the intoxicating memory of Judith's flexing calves and mincing wiggle as the trio had walked to the automobile just ahead of him.

In the limousine Edward fidgeted nervously as Judith and Ronnie laughed together and conversed. Though he sat in the middle of the rear seat between the two girls, it was as if he didn't exist. They completely ignored him. Edward squirmed uncomfortably as he thought of the caning he'd received. Strangely, he was excited, too. His cock was stiffening even as he thought of the cane and birch whistling across his legs and buttocks. There was a heat in his loins that spread to his belly, breast and face. He looked sidelong at his two companions. Ronnie's skirt had ridden up almost to mid-thigh. A deliciously stockinged expanse of leg was

visible to his devouring eyes. He wished the skirt would edge higher; he could imagine the delightful nook that awaited his gaze where her belly met her thighs. He looked over at Judith. She was speaking animatedly, taking no notice whatsoever of him. He pressed down on his crotch as casually as he could to keep the swelling of his prick from becoming noticeable. As Judith drew breath, her breasts swelled against the thin material of her blouse. Edward remembered the undersized bra that hid beneath, and the generous mounds it barely managed to contain. He narrowed his eyes and felt his cock jump once again. He thought he could see her nipples straining against the cloth. He came to himself when he realized he'd been looking directly at Judith's tits and that the conversation had stopped. Both girls were looking at him with smiles of contempt on their faces. When he turned away they resumed their exchange.

Edward heard Ronnie and Judith mention several other names of girls who were already at the destination toward which they were heading. He wondered if "Cathy, Laurie, Susan Norwich and Bonnie" were to join the ranks of his female tormentors.

After a ride of nearly an hour the big automobile turned down a pleasantly shaded country road that paralleled a high stone wall. The driver slowed, and stopped at an open gate. The wrought iron archway that spiraled above the gateway spelled out: "Rothesay Summer Ballet Academy for Young Ladies. Est. 1898." The car drove up a shaded drive, and stopped before a huge stone and ivied building that reeked of tremendous wealth and luxury. On the steps awaiting their arrival were four pretty young ladies. Ronnie and Judith didn't wait for the big automobile to fully stop before rushing out to embrace the girls. Edward slowly stepped from the automobile, his ears teased with feminine giggles and squeals of welcome that somehow excluded him.

At last Edward was introduced to the young ladies who regarded him coolly, almost as though he were a somewhat interesting yet loathsome specimen on a pin in an insect collection. None of the four offered their hands in greeting and all nodded their acknowledgement of his presence rather curtly.

Edward had but fleeting impressions of the four. Laurie Ronsley was a pert, impudent-faced - yet strikingly pretty - redhead. She had the lithe build of a dancer - as did they all. Susan Norwich had the wide-eyed, small-mouthed loveliness that spoke of good breeding, wealth, and personal fastidiousness.

Bonnie Westford seemed to be another laughing prankster similar to Ronnie Slatworth, but with a trifle less cruelty in her nature. Cathy Langton had the wholesome, athletic good looks of a cousin of Edward's that he had a mad crush on when he was very small. Of the four, Cathy Langton seemed the friendliest and the kindest.

Edward couldn't help but notice that all four young ladies were fetchingly attired in what must have been the Rothesay uniform. They wore black pumps, sheer nylons, very short black and grey plaid pleated skirts, dark green pullover vests and white high-collared blouses with long sleeves. All four had their hair similarly done as well, worn long in back, though pulled away from their faces and fastened up on the sides. Edward had to quickly look away from the four sets of pretty legs displayed before him. The sight was goading his cock again, and he could feel it harden against his right thigh. He shifted about uncomfortably. At last, with a great deal of effort, he stopped the progress of his erection, though his cock stayed tumescent and he was constantly reminded of its state of mild stimulation.

Edward was then given a cursory tour of the main building of the Rothesay Summer Ballet Academy for Young Ladies. Judith and Cathy Langton escorted him about. Ronnie had disappeared with her friends in another direction.

"Many families of wealth and influence have sought means for their daughters to spend their summers profitably. It was deemed beneficial that the girls should receive ballet training to impart a poise and confidence to their nature. Such poise and self-respect does not come lightly, Edward - though I doubt you can understand this, for you shall never have either. Judith paused while Cathy opened the chapel door to show him its lovely, hushed interior, bathed in stained glass-diffused sunlight.

They continued on. "The acquisition of such grace is never amiss, and adds much to the character of a young woman, no matter what paths her life may later follow. In 1898, a young Englishwoman named Edwina Highgate founded this academy on such principles as these. Indeed, many would say she was ahead of her time, for in her era young ladies were considered to be but decoration in many parts of the world.

Here Judith left off briefly to show Edward into the plush library with its rows of leather-bound volumes. Across the carpeted hall was the Academy Room, where



the young ladies were trained in literature and the classics. As they proceeded up a short flight of steps and down another hall, Judith continued. "Here is the art studio, Edward, and down here is the doorway to the garden. Over here is the wing that contains the day room and the dining hall."

Edward was frankly amazed at the level of luxury about him. The dining hall resembled more a chamber where government ministers pondered affairs of state than a dining room for rich young ladies. The day room was actually a collection of carpeted nooks and alcoves, all paneled and curtained, that contained comfortable sofas piled with cushions set beside reading tables.

The windows of the day room overlooked a large flower garden that basked in the late afternoon sunshine. While they watched the shadows lengthen, Cathy Langton took up the history of Rothesay Academy for Edward's benefit. "Rothesay was originally established as a summer academy only. Later, of course, it became a year-round school. In the summer, the number of students is reduced. Usually, just certain girls are invited back for the summer." Here the narrative paused so Edward could be shown the great ballet gymnasium, with its polished wood floor and the bars and mirrors about its walls. Two young women in black tights were exercising at the bar at the opposite end. Edward looked away, again fighting down the tendency of his stiffening cock to shame him.

Edward's sexual life had been changed forever beyond his wildest dreams, or nightmares. The inhibited son of Reverend James, whose childhood had been full of stern warnings against self-abuse, had been taken beyond the realms of sexual normalcy by cruel, yet lovely women. His head and senses still reeled as he thought of the girls' hands, and what they had done to his cock and balls. Yet one thing he knew; he wanted more. His need was a constant hunger that sought appeasement.

As Edward was shown the luxurious dorm room - more like luxury suites - on the second floor, Judith continued the verbal tour. "All girls who attend Rothesay's summer program, Edward, are members of a unique clique, similar to a sorority. It's called Delta-Omega-Omega. It stands for Daughters Of Omphale. Our best and brightest girls belong to it. Indeed, Delta-Omega-Omega was founded by Edwina Highgate - the founder of Rothesay Academy. Do you know of Omphale, Edward?" Judith inquired archly. He truthfully admitted that he did not. "Omphale was the beautiful queen of Lydia to whom Hercules was enslaved for a time. The mighty

warrior was dressed as a woman and subjected to every degradation you can imagine during his years of servitude to Omphale and her maidens."

Edward gulped, blushed, then nodded politely at this revelation. Judith and Cathy Langton laughed. They walked down a short corridor to a locked door, set in a paneled recess. Cathy Langton produced a key and opened it. The two girls escorted Edward inside. A tiny, plain room lay before him. It contained a small closet, a mattress with blankets on a wooden floor, and a tiny high window.

"This is your room, Edward," Judith smirked. She showed him the clothes in his closet. "Here are white shirts, black ties, and green, black and grey kilts - the colors of Rothesay. You're to wear them, Edward, and nothing else. You'll be given no shoes, socks, or underthings. Change right now in front of us!" Edward hesitated.

"At once, Edward!" Judith ordered bossily. Cathy smiled at Edward's discomfiture, and at the control Judith exercised over him.

There before the two of them, Edward disrobed completely. Cathy took his clothes from him and he never saw them again. Judith and Cathy watched as Edward walked naked - his cock bobbing before him - to his closet and took down one of the kilts. Edward blushed as Cathy's appraising gaze lingered on his slowly stiffening penis. The way her eyes bored into him and roved over his testicles stimulated him and gave him a constant awareness of his nudity.

"I think we should make him jerk off in front of us," Cathy breathed. "I want to see his come shoot from his cockhead." "All in good time," said Judith. "All in good time."

Edward stood in the short kilt a moment later. It fell to the middle of his thighs. He felt ridiculous in the extreme.

"It's very becoming, Edward!" Judith mocked. "Don't you think so, Cathy?" Cathy agreed as she stood, hands on hips, surveying Edward.

Edward put on his white shirt, tied his tie as best he could and stood before them in his new Rothesay uniform. His cheeks burned as his cock continued to erect.

Judith Boston noticed. "Rothsay is equipped with all the necessary instruments of discipline, Edward," she intoned smugly. "Lewdness will not be tolerated here."

Judith and Cathy left Edward alone for a while. They exited his room and locked the door behind them from without. Edward sat on his mattress, chin in hand. He felt very lost, part outcast and part slave, in this strange new world that he had entered. He thought of the way Cathy Langton had wiggled her hips as she followed Judith from his room. She had looked back over her shoulder and smiled at him. Edward had a sudden urge to raise his kilt and masturbate to relieve some of the agonizing sexual tension to which he had been subjected. A sudden thought made him hesitate. Somehow Judith would find out, somehow she would know, then he would be soundly punished. An hour slipped past.

The key turned in the lock and his door opened. Laurie Ronsley and Bonnie Westford arrived to escort him to the dining hall. They both giggled when they saw Edward's kilt and his bare legs. Laurie shut the door behind them. "We have a moment or two before we have to go down to dinner, Edward," Bonnie cooed. "Be a dear and raise your kilt so we can see how well you are equipped."

Edward blushed and shook his head. "I... I'm sure that Judith wouldn't want me to. I...can't."

"Oh, nonsense!" Laurie joined in. "Of course-you can! We won't touch your cock. We just want to see how well hung you are. We've heard good things about you, and you should show a bit more willingness to prove Judith and Ronnie right. Surely the sight of your cock isn't for them alone!"

At last they bullied Edward into raising his kilt. The nubile charms of his two new tormentors weren't lost on him. Their pretty legs in sheer nylon were set off by scandalously short Rothsay uniform skirts. His hands trembled as he raised his kilt to expose his suddenly turgid prick to the smirking girls. He keenly felt the flame of his burning cheeks and the heavy thud of his heart in his chest. Somehow the sexual humiliation to which he had before been subjected served only to aggravate and amplify each new indignity.

"What wonderful balls, Edward," Laurie teased knowingly. "You're so well hung. You're lucky Judith didn't geld you to curb your lewd impulses." Her eyes lingered on Edward's throbbing penis as Bonnie moved to stand behind him.

Bonnie held up the back of his kilt with one hand and passed the other invasively under and between his bared buttocks. Bonnie giggled. Edward gasped and his hips jerked involuntarily. "I can feel them even reaching from here!" Bonnie laughed. "I hadn't realized that they hung so low. Feel them Laurie!"

Laurie got down on her knees and instructed Edward to spread his legs wide apart. In a moment they began to subject him to lewd handlings and rubbings. His scrotum was suavely dandled on their warm palms; his-balls were gently kneaded and his buttocks were pinched until sore. Bonnie continued to reach from between his legs, taking hold of his balls. She rubbed them gently and cupped them while Laurie began to slowly pump his shaft from the other side. Edward's legs started to quiver. Seeing his weakness, the girls applied themselves more earnestly, tickling his scrotum and fisting his cock until the shaft was hard and throbbing. The head was a deep purple color in Laurie's hand; she quickly called to Bonnie to come see it and the way the silt in the end gasped like a fish out of water. Both girls laughed as Edward's embarrassment mounted.

"I never realized this could be so much fun," Bonnie giggled. "His cock is so long and hard and lined with veins. And it's so hot!" Suddenly the two girls looked at each other.

"You must be having particularly lascivious thoughts for this to be happening, Edward," sniffed Laurie. "You seem not to be able to exercise any sort of control at all." She laughed and suddenly released his prick. Then, to Edward's astonishment, she lifted her uniform skirt. She was naked underneath.

Edward gasped as he absorbed the sight of her lightly-mossed mount and the taut pinkness of her slit. His cock jumped and twitched, eliciting peals of laughter from both girls.

"As we said, Edward," Bonnie admonished him, "no restraint at all." She giggled and quickly opened her blouse, lifting her bra as she did so.

Edward groaned as her firm, pink-tipped boobs popped free. They were small, but well-rounded. The nipples were engorged, and lengthened still more as he watched. His knees visibly shook now, and his cock bobbed to and fro. He knew it would take little more before he came in a rush, whether they handled him again

or not.

The girls, however, didn't wish to risk Judith's displeasure. They wisely left off teasing Edward's cock when it was nearing the limit of endurance. A moment more and Edward would have spurted upon the floor in his helpless excitement. Bonnie and Laurie drew their hands away just in time. Edward was admonished to be circumspect, and his kilt was pulled back down over his erection.

The two girls then assumed an air of pretty innocence as they led Edward down to the dining hall. As they traversed the carpeted passages and steps, Edward kept his eyes well away from the pretty legs of his two new tormentors. The memory of their taut pussies was a constant goad. He wanted to drive his aching cock past their fleshy, moss-covered folds and bury it to the hilt. Indeed, he occupied himself by engaging in mental combat against the erotic feelings they had aroused in him. He desperately willed his penis to shrink. His kilt was so brief and so snug that any trace of excitation would be visible to all. The recent teasing manipulations and the persistent images in his mind all conspired to soundly defeat his valiant efforts.

Edward was - in a manner of speaking - preceded into the dining hall by his cock. It tented his kilt well up and forward in the unmistakable mark of a man aroused. Laurie and Bonnie appeared totally oblivious to the response they had provoked.

"Edward, you can be so revolting at times," Judith stated coldly. "I shall see to it that you are punished this very night. Unless, of course, your companions somehow sabotaged your efforts to remain chaste. Is this so, Edward?" Judith paused. Every eye in the dining room was on him.

Edward shifted uneasily. His eyes briefly sought help from Bonnie and Laurie. He was sure if they admitted they had teased him into this state of arousal, they would get no more than a gentle reprimand. But both their faces promised Edward dire consequences were he to reveal their roles in his excitation. Edward was defeated and he knew it. "I... I was this way before they came up to bring me to dinner. I'm very sorry. It..."

"That's quite enough!" Judith interrupted. "We've heard enough of your self-excusing prattle, I am sure. You will receive your comeuppance this very night. You have offended the innocence and purity of every young woman in this place!"

Without further fuss, Edward was seated at Judith's table between Laurie and Bonnie. He found himself to be shaking, and his knees were unsteady. Every face that turned his way conveyed disdain, curiosity and amusement in a way that unnerved him completely. Susan Norwich was seated across from him between Ronnie Slatworth and Cathy Langton. She tossed her head in disgust at Edward's presence and turned to talk to Ronnie.

Opposite Judith, at the other end of the table, sat a dainty brunette with a wide, infectious smile. Her name was Daphne Witter, one of Rothesay's two full-time ballet instructors.

\* \* \* \* \*

The other instructor was a beautiful woman with a high-cheekboned face. Edward had heard the girls call her Bianca. She seemed very popular with them all. At Bianca's table sat the four pledges who were about to become official members of Delta-Omega-Omega. Edward looked down at his plate. His fare was scant and plain when compared to the elegant dishes the girls enjoyed. As their fine cuisine circulated about him on glittering platters, Edward knew that he was not even to ask to share in it. The conversations at the table excluded him as well. References to people, places and events unknown to him were made in such a way that he didn't feel free to join in at all. He sipped his water and ate his plain, tasteless meal in miserable silence.

Suddenly, unexpectedly, under the cover of the fine lace tablecloth, a hand began to toy with a fold of Edward's kilt. From the other side a hand caressed his thigh and then worked its way up to gently brush the head of Edward's cock beneath his kilt. Edward trembled but dared make no sign. Bonnie and Laurie were toying with him again, all the while conversing pleasantly with Judith and the other girls at the table! Bonnie carefully worked Edward's kilt up to the top of his thighs. Laurie then reached down between his legs and began to slyly toy with his prick. Both young women took great care to minimize the movements of their upper arms. As Laurie gently rubbed his shaft, Bonnie took the tip of his tool between her fingers and pulled open his slit. Then she pinched it roughly between her thumb and forefinger, while making a point to Daphne Witter about the importance of education to the betterment of society. Edward nearly jumped at the pain inflicted by Bonnie's pinching grip. Both hands left him for a moment. Edward

hardly dared look up from his plate lest his jump be deemed to have been some impropriety on his part.

The movement had not been noticed however, and in a moment the coy hands returned to Edward's lap. Edward's erect cock scuffed against the tablecloth as Laurie began to rub the tip of it with her thumb.

Meanwhile, Bonnie discovered another amusement. She took Edward's swollen shaft in her fingers and began to stroke it, using only her well-manicured fingernails to maintain contact. Edward rolled his eyes and grit his teeth as the excessive friction quickly caused him a mix of delight and intense discomfort. Both girls were otherwise ignoring Edward completely.

Laurie was deep in conversation with Judith and Bonnie Slatworth about a new swimming pool to be built at Rothestay, while Bonnie, Cathy and Daphne discussed the technical points of various ballet steps.

Edward bit his lip as Bonnie Westford continued to masturbate him, using only the severe caress of her nails to grasp him. Edward's cock was leaking strings of arousal that moistened the seat cushion beneath him. Never had he been so acutely and utterly aware of his own naked, helpless vulnerability as now, being abused by the lewd hands that worked beneath his kilt. Laurie's finger continued to slide back and forth over the velvety, swollen head of his cock. It circled around the base of the helmet and darted across the surface to linger on the tip.

Bonnie's hand was more active. She'd progressed from using her nails to masturbate him to using her fingertips. They ran along the length of his hot, throbbing shaft before gripping it firmly and pumping it slowly. Edward subtly thrust his bottom upward off the chair to increase the pressure and the duration of the stroke, but Bonnie's warning squeeze told him to desist. He sank back, dejected, craving release and being simply titillated instead. Bonnie pumped him faster and harder, sensing his need and determined to bring him to the brink before denying him. She grasped him more firmly and used long strokes. She could tell by the blush that spread across Edward's face that he was nearing climax. Suddenly, Bonnie felt the warning twitch that told her she and Laurie had stimulated him nigh to bursting. She let go of Edward's shaft and tapped Laurie's fingers to warn her as well.

The tormenting hands abandoned Edward's tool, and it throbbed between his legs, surging with unfulfilled need. Edward had been truly addicted to the covert impudence of the lewd, enslaving hands. He found his mind ragged and confused with unaccomplished desire. He finished his meager dinner in miserable silence, after which Judith alone led him back to his room.

\* \* \* \* \*

Judith reached over, took his chin in her hand and drew his face toward her. "Edward, you are so sweet at times," she said softly. She kissed him then, and Edward's heart fairly bounded with joy. Her kiss lingered upon his mouth. Her tongue played about and between his lips while her hands caressed his blushing cheeks.

A bead of arousal that had - until that moment - hung vibrating from the tip of Edward's tormented meat-pole, elongated, stretched and broke. It fell to land glistening across the pointed toe of Judith's left pump.

Judith tired of her new game and drew away. "Edward, I fear I've seen and felt enough to tell me that you've sadly failed the genital propriety test. You can't seem to play the man, Edward. Really... I've been able to tell all this time that your cock has been pulsing and twitching and even... ugh... *dripping* upon my shoe. Therefore, I've decided that you will have all the hair shaved from about your private parts. This will be done before all the young ladies present, tonight in the training room. Furthermore, I shall have you subjected afterward to a poignant and unique form of punishment that I feel is well suited to your subservient nature. Daphne Witter will begin the punishment, which shall also be inflicted in front of all the young ladies. Others shall complete it. I can tell you that it's very intoxicating, Edward, to the spectators, and often to the victim as well. It shall be a fine spectacle!" With that, Judith turned on her heels to leave Edward's room, locking the door behind her.

The dying light of the late afternoon sun shone crimson on the far wall of the Spartan chamber. Edward sat on his bed in the growing gloom. The switch to the room's only lamp was in the corridor outside the locked door. His erection ached between his legs as he pondered what was to befall him next.



**Judith Boston**  
**by**  
**Titian Beresford**  
**Part VI**

Edward was lying quietly when his door was opened abruptly and his light was turned on. He sat up blinking to see Susan Norwich standing above him, arms folded. Her pretty mouth was set in a sneering smile. Two pledges, to whom Edward hadn't previously been introduced, accompanied Susan. They stared boldly between Edward's knees. He realized his kilt was ruffled around his waist and his balls hung in full view. Edward quickly brought his thighs together and adjusted the kilt.

"Well, stand up and come with us. We haven't got all evening," Susan purred. "Bettina and Pamela were good enough to come with me and I rather doubt they wish to spend any more time standing about in your dreary little room!"

Edward obeyed and followed them from the room and down the hall. Bettina and Pamela kept looking backward at him and giggling. Edward realized that they were two of the new girls - initiates really - that had sat at the other dining hall table with Bianca Roseworth. These two nearly looked alike. Both had pretty, full-lipped faces, but cruel, almost slanted eyes.

Edward followed the trio downstairs past the dining hall, and down a deeply carpeted flight of back stairs into a part of the building he had not been shown. Susan smirked as she brought him into a large room. Judith, Cathy, Laurie, Bonnie and all the rest were seated on a sumptuous couch which ran about the walls of the room on three sides. The fourth wall of the room was occupied by a carpeted dais. Gilt-framed paintings hung on the paneled walls. The lighting was indirect and warm. Another door opened onto the dais. On one end of the platform stood a heavy apparatus of oak struts and leather straps that appeared to resemble a medieval engine of torture and execution.

Susan Norwich and the two pledges joined the rest who were seated on the comfortable couch. Judith stepped forward to lead a very nervous Edward onto the dais. She told him to remain there and returned to her seat. Bianca Roseworth and Cathy Langton then stepped forward and onto the dais. Edward hadn't noticed their attire before, and was more than a little shocked at the spectacle

they presented.

Both Bianca and Cathy were quite naked save for shining black rubber aprons and matching elbow-length gloves. The aprons were belted about their waists, and extended from just above the tips of their breasts to mid-thigh. Two straps beside the belts secured the aprons. One strap passed across the middle of the back and the other secured the lower portion of the apron just below the buttocks. From behind, the nudity of the women was evident. The swelling curves of their buttocks were exaggerated by the straps above and below and also by the black pumps that they wore. These shoes, unlike the ones Judith had worn, had heels so high they lent themselves well to affectation. The pumps so thrust the weight of Cathy Langton and Bianca Roseworth forward as to further accentuate the curves of their naked bottoms and thighs.

Cathy and Bianca proceeded to tear away Edward's kilt, making sure as they did that he was facing the eager and amused audience of Rothesay students. Giggles and snickers sounded about the room as the young ladies caught sight of Edward's bare cock and dangling balls. Cathy began pinning Edward's shirt well up and out of the way, while Bianca handled his cock and fear-tightened testicles.

Bianca held Edward's shaft this way and that, showing it off for the entertainment of the assembled Rothesay girls. She pumped it gently, urging it toward stiffness. Cathy disappeared for a moment through the door that led from the dais, then returned carrying a small, covered tray on a portable stand.

"Place your hands, fingers laced, behind your head, Edward," Bianca commanded curtly.

"Then bend over, if you please, body well forward at the waist, but keep your fingers laced!" Cathy Langton cooed. Everyone but Edward laughed.

Edward obeyed and assumed the degrading posture facing his laughing tormentors. Behind him, Bianca had uncovered the tray and produced a small bottle of lubricant. Bianca then greased a phallus-like projection that angled upward from what appeared to be the seat of the device on the dais. Cathy stood smiling behind Edward with a similar bottle, and hesitated a moment.

"Go ahead, Cathy. Apply it well to Edward's asshole, Judith Boston urged,

laughing. "We can't cause our poor dear any undue discomfort."

Edward had no time to collect himself before he felt the humiliation of having Cathy Langton's gloved finger inserted well into his rectum. She worked the lubricant in deeply and thoroughly while Edward, unused to being plumbed so, could not help but tense himself on her invasive fingers.

The lewd, probing work of Cathy's busy fingers in his bottom soon provoked an entirely unwanted, and terribly embarrassing, erection. The bobbing of Edward's stiffening cock, occasioned by the fingers that violated him, caused great amusement in the female audience. At last the lubrication was fully applied, and a desperately mortified Edward was backed slowly to the intimidating apparatus. The girls pressed down firmly on his shoulders so the projecting phallus impaled him up the ass. Cathy and Bianca assured it penetrated Edward's backside fully by thrusting him down again and again with their gloved hands.

As the unbending rod penetrated his bottom-hole, Edward's eyes fairly bugged from his head. The intense discomfort and mind-numbing humiliation that he experienced did nothing, however, to reduce the rigidity of his male organ and thus diminish the entertainment value the spectacle presented to the young ladies of Rothesay. They laughed and hooted as the phallus disappeared between his buttocks and his shaft continued to swell. Edward sat stunned while Cathy and Bianca secured him well to the machine. Edward's nerveless wrists were strapped tightly to a projecting crossbar. His knees and ankles were drawn well apart and strapped to two other bars that extended from the side of the machine. Cathy then bent over, exposing the rounded cheeks of her bare buttocks most fetchingly, and turned a small knob at the base of the device. This slowly but forcefully drew Edward's bent legs further and further apart. She didn't stop until Edward cried out from the unaccustomed pulling sensations he was experiencing in his crotch and thighs. Bianca turned another crank which tilted the whole machine a bit backward on two wheels until Edward was spread-eagled and utterly helpless. His cock stood up like a mast, the head swollen and purple.

Edward lay in abject shock and misery, his arms fastened out straight from the sides of his body, and the whole frame rotated back at a forty-five degree angle. Cathy and Bianca stood proudly by, cheeks flushed with pride.

Judith addressed Edward with a smile. "Dear Edward! You are now to experience -

first hand - the workings of the phallic chair. It serves admirably to hold one exposed, impaled and helpless, ready for whatever may be experienced next. I have no doubt, Edward, that you will find this evening most memorable indeed!" Judith then nodded to Bianca and Cathy, who removed scissors, a straight razor, shaving soap and a basin of water from the portable tray. They stood over Edward, one on each side, and began to shave him of all pubic hair.

Cathy took great care to keep Edward's cock well clear of the scissors as Bianca set about trimming his tight curls. Bianca concentrated first on the hair on Edward's lower abdomen, about the base of his shaft. Cathy couldn't help showing off a little, and occasionally stimulated Edward's tool in her gloved hand, much to the amusement of her friends in the audience. She pumped him up and down so as to keep his rod fully engorged, repeating the strokes when he began to wilt.

When Cathy's eyes lingered on Edward's face, he could almost imagine they revealed a trace of apologetic feeling, along with no little amusement as to his predicament. Edward's mind was not rendered too insensible by his intense humiliation to wonder what might have developed had he met Cathy Langton under less bizarre circumstances. He was excruciatingly aroused as Cathy suavely manipulated his penis while holding it away from the mean and sharp straight razor that Bianca skillfully wielded next.

Bonnie Westford and Laurie Ronsley openly gaped at the spectacle provided them. Their wide eyes never left Edward's exposed cock and heavy balls. Ronnie Slatworth was calmly conversing with Judith Boston, but the eyes of both were on the tableau before them as well. Susan Norwich sat with her mouth forming a pretty little pout, but only half listening to the talk of the four Delta-Omega-Omega pledges beside her. The young pledges - two of whom had assisted Susan in rousing Edward from his room - chattered excitedly without once taking their eyes from the proceedings on the dais. Of Daphne Witter there was no sign.

Edward was soon shorn of the hair on his abdomen and thighs. The work of removing the hair from around his cock-shaft and scrotum was taking more time, though proceeding well nonetheless. The hair growing from the base of his pole was soon removed simply enough.

The hair rooted in the thin and sensitive skin of Edward's scrotum required far

more imagination to shave. Cathy took pinches of scrotal skin between the thumb and forefinger of both her gloved hands and held them stretched taut. Then Bianca applied the sharp razor to remove the hair, trimming it off at the very root.

"You may find your scrotum to be quite sensitive after this, Edward," Bianca stated casually. "However, I am sure that you realize that exacting work now will postpone the need for a repeat of this entire procedure."

As Edward's two proud, bare-bottomed barbers stood smugly by, their feminine charms exposed alluringly to their victim's disoriented gaze, Judith Boston stepped onto the dais to inspect their handiwork. Edward's eyes were fevered as he watched Judith walk toward him. He was absolutely captivated by the curving swell of her calves as she turned about for a moment to say something to Ronnie Slatworth in the audience below. Her breasts thrust alluringly against the material of the thin top she wore. Her nipples were erect. The firm mounds jiggled slightly with each step she took. Edward could picture in his mind her delightfully mossed pussy beneath her short skirt. The pointed toes of her gleaming pumps were cut so low they revealed a bit of the tops of her toes beneath the glossy enhancement of her stockings.

Judith ruffled Edward's hair and stroked his fevered brow. She beckoned Cathy forward. "Hold his cock against his abdomen, if you please. I wish to inspect his balls." Cathy stepped forward daintily in her outrageously heeled pumps, her bottom wiggling above the gleaming thigh strap of her apron. She smilingly took Edward's ramrod in her gloved hand, and pushed it back flat against his lower belly. Edward was on such a short tether by then and excited beyond all human endurance that his prick twitched as soon as Cathy grasped it. She released it at once, but not before a single, shining glob of thick sperm splashed from the swollen tip of Edward's cockhead to lie pearl-like just above his navel. Cathy blushed while Judith stood sternly over Edward, her hands on her hips. Bianca Roseworth stifled a giggle.

Judith surveyed Edward with a long, cold look full of the sternest contempt. At last she reached down between Edward's legs and took him by the balls. "Edward, you have shown a sad lack of self-control again and again. It seems your lack of discipline knows no bounds whatever. Bianca, come near, if you please, and take up that disgusting bit of spurt on your rubber glove.

Bianca did as Judith asked, though her face was a mask of delicate disgust. In a moment the graceful, tall, bare-bottomed woman had the glob of sperm on her fingertip. She held it well away from her body, as if it would in some way contaminate her. The fingers of Bianca's free hand were drawn up daintily in a gesture of distaste. Her apron top had worked down at the right side, revealing nearly the full curve of her breast to Edward's numbed and captive gaze. He could see the edge of her nipple as she bent and moved her arm.

Judith suddenly began to squeeze Edward's balls tighter and tighter, until at last he groaned in pain and squirmed unavailingly on the phallic projection that impaled him. The straps which held his arms and legs creaked with his efforts. Judith couldn't help but smile at Edward's impotent writhings as her hand continued to apply pressure to his balls. Edward cried out in pain, though Judith was careful not to apply too much pressure. In truth, the level of Edward's excitement could be measured by the way his cock continued to stiffen as Judith handled him. The audience of pretty Rothesay girls giggled with amusement as Edward's dignity crumbled in the face of such terrific agony.

Judith maintained the severity of her grasp, but didn't tighten it more. "Bianca, bring your finger to Edward's mouth if you please. There is but one proper place for this lewd bit of sperm."

Edward watched in disbelieving horror as a smiling Bianca held her gloved fingertip with his own sperm gleaming upon it to his mouth.

"Edward, you haven't even begun to experience the agony of what my hand could do to your balls if you disobey me," Judith purred softly with a warning smile.

To emphasize her words, Judith began to twist Edward's scrotum a bit, causing him to let out a high-pitched shriek of pain. Again the watching Rothesay girls below the dais giggled at the sport. More than one pair of stockinged thighs pressed well together to staunch the shameless moistening of more than one pair of panties at the sight.

"Edward, beg Miss Roseworth to allow you to lick her finger clean," Judith intoned sweetly.

Edward began to stutter out a series of pleading refusals, but a quick twist of

Judith's hand between his legs dissuaded him. "Please, Miss R-Roseworth! May I... I-lick your finger clean?"

Judith smiled. Bianca and Cathy giggled. There was not one girl in the audience below who did not despise Edward thoroughly for his weakness.

"Of course, Edward," Bianca assented with a broad smile. "Do lick my finger clean, if you please!" Bianca extended her finger a bit more.

A violently trembling and impaled Edward, who thought himself on the verge of castration, put out his tongue and licked up the bit of sperm. A bitter blush of humiliation scorched his cheeks. Tears of shame streamed down his face.

Judith, however, was unruffled and obviously amused. "Now swallow it all, Edward," she said bossily, not relinquishing her grip on Edward's scrotum even for a moment. Edward obeyed and dissolved in sobbing helplessness.

Cathy Langton's eyes regarded him with disdainful disbelief. No woman in such a tight predicament would acquiesce so quickly and do such a shameful thing! The room was filled with peals of feminine laughter. Cathy and Bianca joined in.

Judith released Edward's balls, took his chin in her hand and studied him with an almost pitying look. "Good boy, Edward! You are very obedient. I fear, however, that you still have a bit of a price to pay. Cathy, do be good enough to firmly cane his thighs."

As Cathy went to procure the cane from the little room just off the dais, Susan Norwich savored the delights she had just witnessed. She had imagined much within the private sanctity of her keen young mind, but never such giddy events as she had just been a party to. The thought of taking a young man's balls up in her hand and cruelly using them to cause their owner pain rather than pleasure - though he seemed, from the size of his erection, to derive pleasure from it nonetheless - occupied the mind of the prim Miss Norwich.

Disciplinary events continued to unfold up on the dais. Cathy Langton stood by Edward's legs, holding a very lean, flexible birch whip. Judith instructed her on the proper wielding of the instrument, explaining how the motion that maximized the recipient's pain originated in a flick of the wrist just prior to impact. Bianca

occupied herself by removing her black pumps and luxuriating in the feel of the deep carpet beneath her bare toes. Then, to Edward's surprise, she removed her apron and stood before him stark naked. His eyes widened at the sight of her lush breasts and the large nipples at their tips. Her belly was flat. The bush on her mount was thick and luxurious and mostly concealed the pink slash of her pussy lips.

Bianca knew full well, as she rested one hand on Edward's upper thigh, that she was making it impossible for his erection to subside. She preferred to witness a seated thigh birching where the victim's cock remained erect. It was such an amusement to watch it bob to and fro, mute witness to the tormented writhings of its owner under the whip.

At last the Rothesay girls below the dais drew in their collective breaths. Every eye watched in fascination as Cathy Langton took up the birch and drew back her arm. Cathy was a very forthright and honorable young lady. She believed absolutely in the propriety of making Edward suffer well for his lewdness, as well as his evident spinelessness. She began the first stroke of the cane but broke off her swing in midair. Edward's thighs knotted and he cried out, then bit his lip as he realized he had just been made sport of. Laughter rippled across the room.

The next stroke, though, was carried through with great force. Cathy was an athletic and healthy young woman and she put her full strength into the delivery of the stroke. She didn't neglect to flick her wrist just before impact to amplify its severity. Edward jumped and cried out as the birch hissed across his thighs just above the knees. The second, third and fourth blows fell upon the heels of the first. Edward's thighs were well striped, and his cries of anguish became so loud that Judith had Bianca stand behind him to cover his mouth with her gloved hands. Bianca teasingly bent over and cushioned Edward's head between her generous breasts. His eyes rolled with fear and excitement as they settled on her expansive nipples. Once Edward's cries were muffled, Cathy redoubled her efforts. It may be said that her attire forced her into a most fetching posture. She stood primly, forced to extreme tiptoe by the impossibly high heels of her gleaming black pumps. Her legs were prettily together and very slightly bent at the knee, which accentuated all the more the carnal curves of her bare bottom. Were one so situated as to be sitting behind the pretty young disciplinarian, one could readily have seen the golden down about her taut little silt beneath her pouting buttocks.



As Cathy vigorously birched up and down first one, then the other of Edward's thighs, her mind was set at ease by the fact that her privates were well concealed by her rubber apron in front. After all, she was a very proper young lady, unlike Bianca who almost seemed to revel in her shameful nudity. As her gloved hand brought the whip down across Edward's tormented, convulsively knotting thighs, Cathy became aware that she was very moist between her legs. As she watched her victim's terror and pain-stricken eyes bulge wildly above Bianca's hands and between her tits, Cathy became so soaked with arousal that she began to feel a bit of wetness trickle down the inside of one of her shapely thighs.

The strokes continued to fall, though they were directed so as to fall away from the twitching mast of Edward's cock. Judith Boston was more than a little pleased at the aptitude of her pretty protégé. Judith savored every moment of the discipline, until at last Edward had been whipped far past all human endurance. "Well done, Cathy. You've shown great expertise. That is perhaps enough for now," Judith said reluctantly.

A hush fell over the audience of young ladies after the birching had at last come to an end. Such a sight as they had witnessed had fired the healthy blood of nearly all the girls to a point somewhere in excess of ordinary lewdness. They were well prepared for the spectacle to follow.

Edward was released from the punishment device by Judith and Bianca. Cathy stood proudly by, temporarily relieved of such common duties. She was allowed to bask - eyes flashing with pride - in the admiration of her fellow students. Judith and Bianca both giggled at Edward's moan of consternation and relief as he was pulled up off the phallus that had so soundly violated his anus. Edward was immediately placed naked on the floor, but not before the stripes on the front of his thighs had been exhibited to the cheering and laughing Rothesay girls, and not before the older stripes that crisscrossed his buttocks had been shown off as well.

Judith and Bianca had Edward sit up. They drew a thick leather strap about his wrists to secure them firmly. Then he was laid prone upon his back. His thighs still hurt him terribly, though his prick was erect.

"Before Daphne Witter enters to begin the final phase of Edward's punishment," said Judith, "I feel it would be most appropriate for Edward to thank Cathy for

seeing to his character by applying such fine discipline." She orchestrated what came next. Cathy stood above Edward's face and squatted down, lowering the broad cheeks of her bare bottom almost into Edward's face. While the girls below the dais squirmed in envious lust and cheered, Edward was made to crane his neck up and apply a meek kiss of gratitude to the bare bottom of his laughing tormentor. Despite his pain, he was tempted to extend his tongue and try to flick at the inviting pinkness of her bare pussy, but thought better of it.

After the mirth that was occasioned by Edward's humble kiss subsided, Judith, Cathy and Bianca descended the dais to rejoin the onlookers below. A festive mood prevailed among the Rothesay company and everyone awaited the onstage presence of Daphne Witter with great eagerness. Edward, for his part, lay bound and naked upon the floor, all too aware of his nude vulnerability. His penis - which had put up a brave front until then - at last began to falter and its rigidity began to slowly subside.

**Judith Boston**  
**by**  
**Titian Beresford**  
**Part VII**

The door to the little room behind the dais opened and Daphne Witter stepped out upon the small stage. The rigidity of Edward's cock returned tenfold in an instant. Daphne was absolutely naked save for black high-heeled pumps and black gloves. The shoes were of the kind that Cathy and Bianca wore - affectedly high almost to the point of distortion. Daphne's short gloves were of the finest leather. Their stylish and racy cut exposed half of the top of Daphne's hands by means of a fold-down flap.

Daphne Witter herself was certainly a sight! The dainty little brunette fairly pranced about the dais in her outrageous high heels, showing off before her applauding audience with wicked little wiggles of her hips and insolent bottom. She tossed her hair out of her face, and eyed her cuffed and naked victim with an expression of exaggerated innocence and incredulity. Her short, dark, wavy hair flowed like a wave around her heart-shaped face. She was extraordinarily pretty. Her full, rose-tipped breasts bounced wickedly in time to her lewd prancing. Edward's cock hardened yet more at the sight of the dark curls between her legs and the suggestive pouting outlines of her slit.

Daphne spun about on her high heels and - with her bottom facing Edward, demure face to her admiring audience of Rothesay girls - bent well over at the waist, thrusting the bare curves of her buttocks toward Edward so that he could see the entirety of her cunt. She wiggled her hips lasciviously. Peals of laughter resulted as the Rothesay girls watched Edward's cock involuntarily twitch in time to the wiggle of Daphne's hips. Daphne's mouth opened in affected shock as the forefinger of her right hand rested momentarily on her chin. The effect was a caricature of innocent femininity, insulted at having guilelessly aroused the lecherous male beast.

Judith stood up for a moment by her seat on the luxurious couch. "Edward, Daphne will now apply your punishment. If you move, or even whimper, you will be placed in the enema harness. Then you will receive an enema of greater volume than that given you on the train. You will also receive canings across your buttocks, back, thighs, and even your balls. I daresay you may enjoy this, Edward.

Most young men would... though after a point... well, we shall see. In any event, the punishment is designed to appease your animal instincts, and curb them as well." She turned to Daphne. "Proceed."

Edward lay very still and quiet indeed, taking Judith's threat most seriously. Daphne smiled down at him, then stepped across his thighs, standing with one high-heeled foot on each side of him, facing toward his head. From his vantage point, Edward could see all of her - the heaviness of her breasts, the smooth line of her- thighs, the pink wetness of her pussy.

Daphne was a showman, whose love of the limelight was only exceeded by her penchant for capricious cruelty. Knowing the agonizing sensitivity of Edward's thighs after the recent birching administered by Cathy, she chose to lower herself and slide her bottom across them first. Edward bit his lip in agony as his thighs trembled spasmodically beneath Daphne's weight. The friction caused by her skin rasping his rawness was an exquisite torture.

Daphne sat quite still for several moments, hands saucily on her hips, buttocks thrust out behind, breasts thrust out ahead. Her nipples jutted impertinently, fully engorged. The pretty young woman smiled down into her victim's contorted face, all the while savoring the feel of his twitching muscles beneath her bottom. Despite his torment, Edward's cock remained turgid as he looked up beyond the pink-nippled curves of Daphne's tits to her face. Her lips were parted, and her cheeks were flushed with enjoyment.

The effect on her audience was obvious. They had a slight inkling of what would come next. Ronnie Slatworth squirmed in her seat as a maddening tingle developed between her thighs. Laurie Ronsley and Bonnie Westford sat arm in arm, blushing and stifling giggles at the performance on the dais. Judith Boston viewed the spectacle with a self-satisfied smile that conveyed no small amount of pride in Daphne. Susan Norwich sat huddled with Bettina Avery, Pamela Harkness and the other two Delta-Omega-Omega pledges. The beginnings of a smile played about the corners of Susan's pretty mouth as her dark eyes lingered on the saucy curves of Daphne's bare ass. Cathy Langton and Bianca Roseworth kept their legs crossed lest the wetness between their thighs become apparent. Cathy's rubber-gloved hand squeaked across Bianca's thigh as they squirmed in anticipation. The other hand had found Bianca's naked breast and was absently fondling it. Bianca's attention was so taken with Daphne's performance as to

render her insensible to everything else.

Daphne knowingly played her audience well. After assuring herself of their undivided attention, she continued her coy game.

She was gratified to see that Edward's cock saluted her with every inch of length and girth it could possibly muster. Indeed, despite Edward's continuing pain, his tool was so swollen and stiff as to be nearly turning purple all down its vein-popping length. It was almost as if the blood that had been drawn by the birching had taken refuge in Edward's bloated and helpless shaft.

Daphne slowly licked her lips as she reached out and grabbed the twitching pole. She began to casually masturbate it, focusing her attention more on her audience than on Edward's throbbing shaft. She drew her hand up and down the length of the cock, twisting it from time to time for variety, and moving it back and forth like the shift in a car.

Edward moaned softly as she played his instrument, plucking a string here, tuning him to perfection. Every fiber of his body seemed aquiver as she continued to stroke him, starting him on the path to orgasm, then letting him subside so that she could start once again. This was the most refined form of exquisite torture, guiding the victim along to a promised relief and denying it at the last moment, then repeating the torture again and again.

Daphne pumped him forcefully for several seconds, using strokes that employed the length of his shaft, then concentrated on caressing the cockhead that was like a scarlet blossom on the end of a long stalk. Her fingers covered its velvety expanse and spread the slit in the tip slightly. Then she straddled his waist, and lowered herself until her breasts swung on each side of his upstanding prick. The girls in the audience applauded and shouted encouragement as Daphne guided Edward's cock between her mounds. She used her hands to compress her flesh, and began sliding his cock up and down along the channel she'd created. Edward moaned and jumped at the contact that threatened to have him spurt all over his belly and chest.

Daphne, sensing his nearness, rose and let his spasms subside. She turned to her audience and smiled knowingly, then turned back to Edward. She reached down and grabbed his cock in her fist, pumping it furiously for several seconds. The head

turned an angry scarlet, and the shaft began to twitch. Immediately, Daphne let go and grabbed him instead around the base of his pole, squeezing until his sperm returned to his balls. She nodded approvingly as Edward moaned. Then, with a faint smile on her lips, she knelt between his spread legs and, to the amazement of the onlookers, lowered her head. She opened her mouth and devoured Edward's cockhead, then slowly took all of him down her throat. Edward's eyes rolled back as she began to pump him with the practiced muscles in her gullet. Her head bobbed up and down all the way up to his fleshy helmet and down to his balls. She pulled back and began to flick the tip of his rod with her tongue, then slashed across its surface and around its circumference. His shaft was wet and gleaming now, the dark veins standing out in sharp relief against the pale flesh.

When the throbbing shaft began to jump, Daphne again caught it at its base and squeezed until it was less swollen and unlikely to spurt.

Edward by now was mad with desire. The sight of Daphne's alluring breasts and inviting pussy would have been enough by themselves to make him come wildly. The knowledge that he was bound and naked before an audience of lusty girls would also have sent him over the edge. But the activity that had been planned for him, the stimulation to the point of ejaculation again and again, threatened to edge him over the abyss into utter madness.

Edward groaned and pleaded as Daphne stood over him with her arms extended, encouraging the shouts of her audience. Her breasts hung enticingly above Edward and her slit glistened moistly.

"Now, dear Edward, we'll see just what sort of man you truly are and how much restraint you can muster," Daphne addressed him for all to hear. "I'm going to fuck you, you darling boy. I'm going to put your pole in my cunt and ride you. I'm going to slide up and down along your belly with that hot rod in my pussy and urge your sperm to the surface." She grinned maliciously. "But if you're wise, you won't even think to spurt inside me. I don't even want to think about what will happen to you if you lose control and soil my womb with your sperm." She moved over his hips and undulated erotically, thrusting her pelvis forward and kneading her breasts with her hands.

Edward's cock returned to full, flesh-bursting erection and jerked forcefully this

way and that.

Daphne reached down and grabbed the head, guiding it to her slit as she lowered herself. Edward gaped as his cock disappeared inch by inch. This was like nothing he'd ever experienced before! As excruciatingly wonderful as the previous sensations had been, this was far more intense.

Finally, Daphne let drop her full weight onto his rigid pole. Edward moaned and instinctively thrust upward as his cock was buried in her warm sheath. Then Daphne began rocking back and forth to the shouts of her exited audience, rolling her hips forward and milking the shaft inside her. She maintained a steady motion, squeezing with her inner muscles at each stroke.

"No, Edward, not yet. Don't you dare come inside me, Daphne breathed. "You'll be beaten senseless if you do." She raised herself up and began jockeying up and down on the throbbing meat-pole. "You *will* be rewarded if you prove your manliness. I can feel your hot sperm boiling inside your prick. Do you like the way I'm fucking you? Tell me you like it. Address your mistress with respect!"

Edward groaned and fought down the unrelenting urge to come.

"Y...yes...Mistress. I...love how you're f...fucking me." His voice quavered and died to a low murmur.

Daphne smiled with satisfaction and thrust up and down several more times. She knew her prisoner wouldn't be able to last much longer. She was almost tempted to continue the sweet torment because she wished to feel his hot sperm splashing inside her. And that would mean they would all get to witness the awful punishment that would be inflicted as a consequence. But Judith had instructed her as to her course of action, so she simply proceeded according to plan.

She shuttled back and forth for another minute or so, then raised herself off of Edward's glistening rod. She bent down and pumped him with her hand, exulting in the way he was totally in her power. His cock throbbed and burned, straining to release the flood that had been contained for far too long. She got to her feet and acknowledged the praise heaped on her by her appreciative audience. Then she turned to Edward and leered down at him.

Now that he had been fucked past the point of endurance and was moaning for

release, Daphne decided at last to speed matters to a definitive conclusion. With mincing steps, she began a series of light prodding kicks against his cock to bring him his relief. She watched the big meat-pole bob in time to the constant series of lewd, prancing kicks she inflicted upon it. Its head was swollen and bloated, throbbing madly with the desire for release. At last it came. Daphne kept the toe of her right pump against Edward's tool, pushing it down toward his legs so her feet wouldn't be soiled by its copious discharge. The first squirt of sperm fairly flew from the slit in the tip of his tormented cock and splashed down his left thigh. The second squirt of sperm softly plopped to the carpet between his legs. He came again and again.

Edward streaked a six inch stretch of the carpet's deep pile with his seed. As his prick spasmed in an agonizing release of pent up sperm and frustration, each twitch jostled Daphne's dainty pump that provoked his discharge backward at least an inch.

Daphne braced her foot, heel down lightly on a point just above Edward's pubic hair, toe keeping his spurting penis pushed well away from her. She kept her gloved hands on the swell of her hips and turned to her audience. Her face reflected a mixture of delicate disdain and cool amusement. With her foot on Edward's abdomen, Daphne looked nothing less than the picture of the victor standing over the vanquished. Yet Daphne was very moist in the recess between her lovely legs.

The young Rothesay girls stared goggle-eyed at Edward's orgasm beneath Daphne's dainty pumps. Judith watched their reactions as well as Edward's long and terribly untidy spurting. When at last the twitches of his cock subsided, Edward was quite drenched all down his thighs. The floor about him was spattered with long, hot strings of gleaming sperm. Finally his penis faltered, and began to sag and shrink against his left thigh, it still drooled the final vestiges of his seed from the slit in its tip.

Edward's body, mind and soul, had until now been wholly focused on the excruciating delight between his legs. Now, with the subsiding of his powerful orgasm, reason and awareness of his surroundings returned. As Daphne stepped from his bruised body and looked down at him laughingly, Edward lay virtually paralyzed with shame. This shame didn't abate as Judith stepped up to the dais and asked Daphne to stand by Edward's head. Then, one dainty pump, and then



the other, were each extended to his lips while Judith demanded he place a humble kiss of gratitude on the toe of each. As poor, bruised Edward complied, hot tears of shame streaked his cheeks.

Edward was bundled from the dais quickly and without further ceremony. His thighs, cock and buttocks were very sore. His desire to rub and soothe them was abrogated by the fact that his wrists were still firmly cuffed behind the small of his back.

Judith marched Edward all the way back to his little room by walking behind him, reaching under his buttocks from behind and taking firm hold of his balls. Edward's ignoble exit from the training room, contrived in this fashion, was a cause for further amusement among the young ladies of Rothesay Academy. Indeed, there was not a single young woman present who did not thoroughly despise Edward now. He had been forced to enter a limbo realm where he existed only as a plaything, a toy for idle amusement, and was no longer considered a human being at all. Were the young ladies, of Rothesay to read that such cruel contrivances as they were carrying out on Edward had been carried out on another person or animal, they would have reacted with great indignation. Yet, by the design of the young ladies themselves, or their mentors, what they did to Edward was not even a matter for the most trivial concern.

Judith pushed Edward down upon his mattress in his room and left him. He lay quietly, drained, exhausted and stunned at the enormity of his humiliation. He truly wished at that moment that his door would remain forever shut. Better to be a prisoner forever in his tiny room, than to be dragged forth for further punishment and degradation.

His wish was not to be granted, however. The door was opened scarcely ten minutes after Judith had closed it to admit Susan Norwich. Accompanying her were the second pair of the four pledges. All three young ladies walked to Edward's mattress.

"Edward," Susan purred sweetly, "it is our duty to see to it that you're comfortable for the night. After your lewd emission on the dais, it wouldn't do to leave you any further chance for self-abuse. Therefore, we have been instructed to wring every last bit of sperm from you so that you'll sleep erection-free." The young pledges giggled at Susan's direct and cutting references. Edward had sat up, and their eyes

lingered upon his exposed shaft and balls. "Well. Edward, you've already met Pamela Harkness and Bettina Avery," Susan went on. "Now I shall introduce you to Bobbie Winter and Julia Michaels."

Both young ladies curtsied mockingly as their names were mentioned. Julia Michaels could be described as more cute than pretty. Her dark blonde hair and her engaging dimpled smile conspired to give her the appearance of a sly female leech, and such she was. Indeed, her deft young fingers had explored the pouting mounds of more than one of her companions in the privacy of the Rothesay student rooms. Bobbie Winter on the other hand, was a classic beauty. Her perfect jaw line and soft grey eyes gave her face the demeanor and aspect of good breeding and significant wealth. Edward would not have been at all surprised to learn that she was connected in some way to one of the noble families of Europe.

Bobbie Winter didn't realize the extent to which she affected Edward when she - for but a moment - bent over to help release Edward's hands. Her loose top flowed away from her skin and gave him a momentary bewitching glimpse of her firm young tits and broad nipples.

"Well, let's get on with it, shall we?" said Susan Norwich as all three young ladies knelt down beside Edward and removed the cuffs from his wrists.

"Now then, Edward, we want you to masturbate for us," Susan continued. Edward hesitated.

"If you don't, you won't like the consequences," Susan said meaningfully.

"Yes, we want to see you pull your own cock," Bobbie whispered. "We want you to make yourself come."

"Do it well," interrupted Susan, "and perhaps we'll reward you rather than punish you." She glanced at Julia, who blushed.

Edward's cock, already stimulated by the sight of Bobbie's engaging breasts, hesitantly brought his hand to his prick.

"That's right," cooed Susan. "Jerk off, Edward. We want you to do it... and so do you. So don't keep us waiting any longer!"

Edward lay back and began stroking his shaft lightly, using his fingertips. It stiffened beneath his touch, growing longer and fatter as his eyes roved over the eager faces of the girls. They watched avidly as he reached full erection and the head darkened to a rich scarlet. He continued to pull, using his fist now, varying his strokes from fast to slow.

"Ooh, it's so big and the head is so swollen." said Bobbie. "He obviously likes touching himself. Keep doing it, Edward, until you spurt all over your belly."

Edward sighed and tugged his meat, using a long, steady motion to reach orgasm quickly so that his embarrassment would come to an end. He began to pant as he felt his sperm rise from his twitching balls. The girls' eyes widened as his strokes reached a furious peak, and a geyser of white erupted from the tip of his cock. The sperm shot out in three protracted spasms, covering his belly with thick ooze. The girls clapped as his hips jumped at the first eruption; they watched with interest as his reservoir emptied and the last droplets glopped onto his dripping flesh.

"That was very good," giggled Susan. "I suppose we must keep our promise to you. We shan't punish you because you were a good boy. As to a reward..." She looked meaningfully at Julia, who immediately smiled and began removing her uniform.

Edward's eyes widened as the pretty blonde girl stripped naked and paraded in front of him. Her breasts were small and rose-tipped; her bush was golden and thin. She pushed Edward onto his back and lay down beside him. Then she grabbed him and rolled him on top of her.

"Now fuck me, you darling boy," she gurgled happily. "Let's see what you've got after draining yourself dry. Ram it in my pussy!" Edward groaned, though his cock responded almost immediately to the feel of her soft flesh beneath him. It grew to full erection as he kneeled between Julia's thighs, and was rock-hard by the time he guided the head to her slit."

Susan and Bobbie urged him on by slapping his buttocks harshly, and when he was positioned at the threshold, thrust him forward so that he penetrated her fully.

"Wonderful, Edward!" Susan roared. "Now poke her well and show her what you're made of." She accentuated each word with a stroke of her hand on his bare

bottom.

Edward began shuttling in and out of Julia's tight canal, pushing forward rather ineptly because of his inexperience. To him, the sensations were a mixture of pain and incredible, incomprehensible pleasure. His prick had never felt so strong, so enormous. He could feel his shaft scraping the walls of Julia's pussy each time he thrust into her. There was a tingling sensation in his balls that rose through his shaft, into his bursting cockhead, and up his belly. He banged against her again and again, moaning his passion.

"That's so very, very good, Edward," Susan intoned. She put her hands on his buttocks and rammed him forward so that he impaled Julia. "But, unfortunately, you seem to be a bit inexperienced, so obviously you must be punished for that. You *are* close to spurting your pathetic little seed, are you not?" She laughed. Well, kindly remove your bloated cock from Julia right now before that happens." She slapped his buttocks harshly. "Right now!"

Edward jumped up at the stroke and pulled his cock from its warm haven. He groaned and begged the girls for relief.

"No, I'm afraid not," Susan said as the others giggled. "That's the price you must pay for being so inept. And don't you dare touch your thing, either. I won't have you masturbating unless it's for our satisfaction." With the help of the others, she cuffed Edward's hands above his head once again. She bent over and kissed the swollen head of his prick before turning to leave. "Pleasant dreams, Edward." Bobbie and Julia, the latter now clothed, laughed hysterically and followed her.

**Judith Boston**  
**by Titian Beresford**  
**Part VIII**  
**(final)**

Edward was beyond exhaustion, and soon fell into a fitful sleep full of erotic and strange dreams. In his first dream, Edward was crawling along a city street behind a lovely young woman who had a collar and leash fastened about his neck. He was naked and erect beyond all dimension of reality so that his cock painfully scuffed the pavement as he crawled along. His young mistress was tastefully clad in a knee-length grey coat. The luscious curve of her calves swept down from the hem of her coat to terminate at the heels of her black pumps. Never had Edward seen heels so high as these. Wearing them forced the woman's feet into such an exaggerated posture as to put her heels nearly at right angles to the base of her ankles. The result was that the young woman's pretty, glossy, nude stockings were wrinkled in the most demure way where her ankle joined the top of her heel.

When the woman's coat drew apart with each step, Edward could see she was nude underneath except for the stockings. The sight made his prick fairly steam with unappeased desire. Her breasts jounced as she led him along; her moss-covered mount was a shadow inside the coat.

Edward's dream mistress paused on a corner where a crowd of both men and women had gathered. One of the attractive young women laughed and pointed at Edward's cock. The crowd joined in the laughter. Edward was dragged forward and made to lick the high heels of all the laughing ladies. His cock began to shrink, smaller and smaller until it hung minute and shriveled, nearly disappearing entirely. Edward's whole body then began to shrink also, until one lady picked him up by impaling his anus on her forefinger. Then she held him up to the scorn of all, while his heels kicked vainly against the palm of her hand. His anus was dilated beyond belief by the lady's finger. She only giggled and blushed at his agonized efforts to free himself. Other ladies stepped forward to gently rub his tiny cock between their thumbs and forefingers, while the men watched and caressed the ladies' bottoms and thighs.

As Edward's subsequent dreams continued in the bizarre pattern set by the first, other activities were taking place elsewhere, in the comfort and luxury of the Rothesay student rooms. Bonnie Westford had joined Susan Norwich and Julia

Michaels in the latter's room.

Susan Norwich lay on Julia's deeply upholstered settee as Julia masturbated her, Susan's black and grey plaid pleated skirt was pulled well up about her comely hips, and her bare legs were spread in immodest abandon. Her breasts rose and fell beneath her dark green Rothesay pullover vest in time to the quick breaths of her arousal. Julia's ardent fingers applied themselves to their task deep in the dark curls between Susan's legs. Bonnie Westford saw that she could give assistance to the pleasurable task and condescended to hold Susan's pink pussy lips well apart, to better expose the nubile flower within to the deft manipulations of Julia's suave fingers. There was no sound in the room but the soft, liquid gasps of Susan's arousal and the wet, sliding sound of Julia's fingers working busily between Susan's legs.

Bonnie crossed her legs tightly, somewhat angry with the peaking level of her own titillation at the sight. She didn't consider herself prey to the urges of Lesbos, even when she assisted in such masturbatory games because she considered it to be the proper thing to do. Yet for some reason, tonight's games had an unusual effect. Perhaps their episode with Edward had something to do with it. For the first time, she wished to have Julia's hands between her legs, gently invading the pink folds of her most secret parts with knowing little rubs and caresses. She watched with envy as Susan's clitoris, visible though overshadowed a bit by the upper folds of her labia, became swollen with arousal.

Julia, a distinguished masturbatrix, had ignored this choice morsel, concentrating instead on gently tickling Susan's folds with her coy fingertips while the fingers of her other hand were busily employed in Susan's cunt.

Julia watched Susan's face as she lay gasping and licking her lips in orgiastic abandon. Julia smiled her dimpled smile and looked knowingly at Bonnie, who by then was more than a little dreamy-eyed herself. Keeping her fingers deeply inserted, though motionless, in Susan's vagina, Julia extended the tip of the index finger of her free hand to Susan's clitoris. She began a series of delicately skillful circular rubs, which aggravated the already-tingling center of sensitive nerves beyond endurance. Susan's hips shuddered, and her legs went liquid in a fit of trembling. Her cheeks burned until her pleasure-crazed mind thought them ready to burst into flame. Susan gasped and came wetly as Julia's fingertip continued to gently scuff, prod and rub her swollen clit.

Bonnie's fingers were moistened a little as she held Susan's lips apart, so thorough was Susan's spending. Bonnie's own clit tingled madly, unhooded against the tormenting lace of her tight panties. Susan sat up, only to start in pleasant surprise as Bonnie pulled off her own panties, drew up her skirt and lay down, begging for one of her friends to masturbate her for the first time.

Susan herself readily complied with this task, assisted by Julia, whose fingers were still wet from the previous titillations. Susan pridefully considered herself a master in the art of frigging, and well employed her sense of design in the preparation for Bonnie Westford's manipulations.

She had Bonnie remove her Rothesay uniform skirt altogether and recline on the settee, with her weight resting on one hip and her knees drawn up toward her chin. The posture occasioned by this revealing pose left Bonnie's bare buttocks hanging cheekily over the edge of the seat cushions. Her pussy pouted moist and pink between her upper thighs. The visibility of her taut lips within the thin forest of hair beckoned the fingers of her companions, who knelt on the carpet at Bonnie's buttocks and set to work.

Susan applied all the fingertips of her left hand in a slow, tickling glide across Bonnie's mount, taking special care to stimulate the pouting lips and what lay between. Julia's exploring fingertip soon found, and rudely inserted itself into, Bonnie's tight brown bottom-hole. First one knuckle and then the other slowly and gently disappeared as if sucked within, until her finger was lodged deeply, as far as it could go.

Bonnie was an anal virgin, and altogether unaccustomed to such a feeling of fullness as was imparted to her by Julia's boldly exploring index finger. Julia was quite taken with the muscular tightness that repeatedly tensed on her finger as she wiggled it about in Bonnie's anus. Such was the extent of Bonnie's arousal that she spent repeatedly in the first few moments of Julia's invasion and Susan's light strokes across her throbbing and compressed mount. Her toes flexed and curled from the excruciating pleasure afforded her by the caresses.

Julie continued to rotate her finger in Bonnie's cavity, driving it in and out while she did so. Bonnie's anal ring closed spasmodically about the probing finger, drawing it in deeper. Bonnie gasped at the orgasmic sensations imparted by the

reaming and could feel moisture gathering at her slit.

Suddenly, Susan drove a finger into Bonnie's pussy and began working it around. Bonnie was effectively impaled from both ends, writhing in a sensual embrace that engulfed her in waves of pleasure that emanated from some spot deep inside her being. She moaned and bucked her hips and unleashed the torrent of her passion all over Susan's fingers. Julia drew her finger out of Bonnie's anus with delicious slowness, adding to the delight experienced by her companion.

\* \* \* \* \*

As Edward continued his enslaved and goaded progress through a maze of explicitly humiliating dreams, and as the three young women in Julia's room continued to explore the pleasure of mutual masturbation, other events unfolded at Rothesay. Judith Boston, Daphne Witter and Bianca Roseworth were seated in Judith's sumptuous private rooms, enjoying good conversation and planning the events of the coming days.

Judith turned their topic to a more serious matter. "Edward is progressing well, and has shown himself to be an ideal candidate for our specialized needs here at Rothesay. His childhood and sexually repressed background have proven him suitable for our purposes. He is even willing... more so than I originally thought. Indeed, a more naturally raised young man would have proven too jaded for the understated refinements we employ so effectively. Edward is truly our absolute and utter slave. He would suffer any agony or indignity as long as it was administered at the feet of a lovely woman." Here Judith smiled at Daphne Witter, who returned the smile with graceful, though blushing, acknowledgement. Bianca smiled too, while she reclined comfortably on the divan with her feet drawn up beside her, listening intently. All three, including Daphne, were properly dressed in the black skirts, white blouses and striped ties of the Rothesay Academy staff. All three wore sheer stockings and had slipped off their pumps to enjoy the informality of the occasion.

Judith continued: "I have contrived to use every fetishistic talisman possible to express to Edward the inevitability of his unending servitude to us here at Rothesay - every high-heeled affectation, every whisper of nylon, every tight-swirling skirt, every glimpse of nyloned seams, and even the sight and use of our bodies at our whim, to symbolize to poor Edward our dominance and his



submission.

"We have all been delighted to see how readily our girls have adapted to their dominant roles. They would each enjoy subjecting Edward to any torture now, and take to the parts they play with eagerness and enthusiasm. I can't conceive of any of our students being satisfied with the woman's traditionally subservient or secondary role. I've been concerned in times past with the amount of lesbian activity that takes place here at Rothesay. These activities - though natural and healthy in every respect - are not the be-all and end-all of existence. They need to be balanced by activities where pleasure is derived from the male as well. I mean for our young ladies to enjoy orgiastic release, not only from their mutual fingerings, but also from the humbled lips and tongue and, yes, even cock, of a soundly disciplined and degraded male. They will then be fully prepared when we send them from these sheltering walls out into the world.

"All of our young ladies come from backgrounds of wealth and privilege, yet I wish to imbue them with a confidence far beyond that provided by accident of birth. Pride can be fostered here at Rothesay by their studies, and by their sexually dominating diversions with Edward. One can see how Edward's fetishism has made him perfect for his role here. He readily accepts all pain, pleasure and indignity because it symbolizes to him an utter abnegation of guilt and responsibility. The pangs of female dominance that he experiences here are lightsome when compared to the constant guilt he has carried from his childhood. An orgasm administered at a woman's feet can be freely accepted and enjoyed because it is forced upon him. He feels he is blameless, free to enjoy his release, free to revel in the helplessness of his situation.

"I want our young ladies to feel free at all times to make him orgasm. This can only be done by humiliating and manipulating him. This can even be accomplished by sucking him and fucking him again and again until he can't take any more. I want Edward forced to ejaculate again and again. I want him to feel the degradation and delight that comes from spurting into a haughty young woman's hand. I want him drained, emptied, and emptied again. This is true emasculation. I want him emasculated with caresses until he is wan, limp and drawn. Our girls should feel free at any time to subject him to a genital propriety inspection, during which they may masturbate him or blow him or fuck him to orgasm repeatedly, or not at all. I mean Edward to feel the humiliation of a soft penis and empty sac. I want him to realize that his manhood and hope for progeny have been coaxed from him to spill

on the uncaring floor, by impudent female hands that caress only for their own idle amusement.

"A toy for our young ladies' fingers hangs between Edward's legs. It is nothing more than that. When they have driven him at last to spurting, he should be soundly scolded for his lewdness and for soiling wherever his seed has landed. The nuances here are most delightful and altogether endless. I shall never forget Edward's face as he spurted into my hands while lying helplessly in the bondage of the enema harness. I could feel his pulse thrum in his cock. I watched his muscles knot and tense in the agony of his release. A male orgasm is a little death. It can be most gratifying to inflict an orgasm on such a helpless being as Edward. It is a delight to watch him emasculate himself with every spurt of his seed."

\* \* \* \* \*

Edward's morning began when a smiling Laurie Ronsley entered his room. She curtly ordered him to lie on his back and spread his legs. When he did so, with Laurie's eyes on him all the while, Edward found himself embarrassingly hard once again. Laurie stepped forward with a satisfied smile on her lips to better survey his erection.

"I like your cock, Edward, but you must get dressed immediately. Judith wishes to see you in her rooms. I daresay that you'd better be quick to obey her summons! I do hope she intends to birch you. Maybe I'll get to stay and watch." Laurie paused, watching Edward's erect prick bounce in time to his steps as he walked to retrieve a kilt, shirt and tie from his closet. She giggled at the sight of the still-evident marks of recent discipline on his buttocks and thighs. Inspiration struck her and she giggled again, girlishly.

"Edward, before you put your kilt on, come over to me on your knees. I do fear that my pumps have lost their sheen and may need your tongue to restore it!" Edward dared not disobey the pretty redhead who ordered him about so snobbishly. He crawled to Laurie on his hands and knees. She coyly extended her right foot. She lifted the pointed toe of her pump to his lips. The toe prodded his lips while she looked down at Edward and smiled. Edward extended his tongue to tentatively lick about the gleaming point of his tormentor's shoe. His meek compliance was received with flushed cheeks and laughing eyes on the part of the carefree young woman who stood bossily above him, hands on her hips.

"Now, Edward, guess what? I'm going to suck your cock. We may be a little delayed to see Judith, but I think she'll understand. And if you come quickly, there won't be any problem."

She pushed him onto his back on the floor, and kneeled between his splayed thighs. She paused for just a moment, licking her lips, and dove at his cock.

Edward gasped as she swallowed his shaft without even taking a breath. In a second, she was pumping him with her throat like a wild woman. Her head moved up and down so violently as it tugged on his meat that he feared his manhood might be torn from him.

Laurie gurgled happily and continued to fellate him, withdrawing just enough so that she could lick around his cockhead and lash his shaft with warm, wet strokes. Then she devoured his entire length again, lodging his cock deep in her throat as she milked his sperm up from his balls.

Edward was in ecstasy as she brought him nearer to the brink of orgasm. His flood was rising in a rush that wouldn't be stemmed.

Laurie grabbed his balls with one hand and began kneading them as she pumped the base of his tool with the other. Her lips had formed a seal around his shaft and were scraping him as she bobbed up and down.

Another moment more and Edward's crisis was upon him. He groaned as his cock began to twitch in Laurie's throat. Thick spurts of come shot down her gullet, the accumulation of all his desires and frustrations of the last several days. Laurie swallowed it all without difficulty, wiping her lips on the back of her hand when Edward had finished. She rose immediately, rearranged Edward's kilt down around his legs, and led him into the corridor.

When they finally arrived at Judith's quarters, Edward stopped and gaped at the sight that met his eyes. Judith stood primly beside a heavy, polished wooden bench festooned with straps. She wore gleaming red, outrageously high-heeled pumps. She wore but three items of clothing besides, all of which were calculated to arouse the impulses of the young man before her. Her arms were encased in black gloves of fine lace that covered her from fingertip to elbow. Her blouse was

a rich affair of black velvet brocade, the bodice of which was tight about her breasts and sides, so that her mounds threatened to overflow the restraints. The collar of the brocaded blouse was high, terminating just below Judith's chin. The overall effect was one of severe, haughty regality. Today, Judith's hair was up in an impeccably tight bun. What held Edward's attention, however, was the pair of tight white panties that Judith wore. That, and the fact that the front of her panties were cut out, held him enthralled. He couldn't tear his eyes from the sight of her generous bush, totally exposed to his hungry gaze.

Edward's senses were overwhelmed by sexually submissive awe. The panties were brief and very high cut at the top of Judith's thighs. Its tight, gleaming embrace clasped the curvaceous fullness of Judith's hips and backside with more than slight familiarity. He noticed that they were crotchless as well, leaving the enticing pink slit between her thighs readily accessible. She slowly spun about, giving Edward the full impact of her display of erotic fashion. Edward's cock stiffened of its own accord and throbbed as his passion mounted.

"We've set up the cunnilingus bench in your honor, Edward. There is a certain art, the learning of which could bring you a great deal of pleasure.

"Come forward, Edward. Lie down upon the bench, on your back, legs together, with your head at the low end, if you please. Laurie and I will then secure you so that you won't escape your lessons.

Edward clambered onto the bench, and was eased back by Judith and Laurie until he lay prone. He noticed padded footrests beneath the head of the bench and a cushioned stool extending outward from the bench to one side, near his waist. A closed drawer of carved wood, recessed in the side of the bench, was close enough to the stool so as to be within reach of to anyone sitting upon it. Judith and Laurie tightened thick leather straps about his wrists, and drew them down to two projecting steel brackets which protruded from each side of the bench, low to the floor. Next Judith drew up Edward's kilt and pinned it to his shirt, exposing his engorged prick. It rose from his belly, half erect. Laurie continued to render him helpless by fastening other straps about his ankles, thighs, stomach, chest and neck.

Edward felt a momentary surge of panic as he realized how utterly the cunnilingus bench held him in bondage. Judith recognized the signs and soothed him by

stroking his brow with her lace-gloved fingertips. Her lips were parted and the liquid glance of her eyes that lingered on his face seemed full of such kind affection that he was quite overcome and rendered insensible to any emotion save an adoring love for the pretty young goddess who had taken him in hand. His cock, too, rendered its rigid tribute to the beauty who stood so prettily over him.

Laurie sat on the projecting stool at Edward's waist and withdrew two gloves from the drawer. They were not a pair. One was a soft glove of white cotton. The second was of harsh black rubber. The palm and fingers of the second glove were particularly rough. Laurie drew them on, the soft white glove on her left hand, and wiggled her fingers coyly.

"May I begin, Judith?" Laurie enquired eagerly.

"In a moment. Have patience a little longer," Judith replied, then returned her attentions to Edward. "In a few moments, Edward, Laurie will begin to fondle and pump your cock. If the task you will soon be carrying out pleases me and is accomplished properly, Laurie will stimulate you with the cotton glove. I'm sure that you'll find its delicate caresses most appealing. If, however, your task falls short of perfection and you show disappointingly little aptitude, I fear that Laurie will have to apply the more severe caress of the harsh glove to your private parts. I have no doubt that the excessive friction occasioned by this more severe manipulation may prove in its own fashion to be quite enslaving. Nonetheless, your prick will pay by being rather raw and sore for a time afterward." She looked over at her companion. "I strongly suspect that Laurie selfishly hopes that your task disappoints me. I'm afraid she's more than a little eager to try the rubber glove on you, Edward." Edward looked to Judith with confusion in his eyes. Laurie laughed and Judith smiled fondly. "Oh, you poor thing! You really don't yet understand, do you! You poor dear! I shall let our actions explain. When Laurie and I are both seated on the cunnilingus bench, it will be clear to you.

Edward summoned his courage to stutter out a question. "There's just one s-seat on the bench. Where will you sit, Miss Boston?" Judith bent down and stroked Edward's face from brow to chin with her extended fingertip. "Your face shall be my seat, Edward!" With those words Judith stepped up onto the footrests of the bench and in so doing, stood astride Edward's face. Then she lowered herself, applying the full weight of her buttocks and the fragrant softness of her pussy to her prisoner's face. Never had Edward in his entire sheltered life been remotely

prepared for such a turn of events as this!

His heart pounded at the indignity, but also with more than a little giddy excitement as well. The only result of his futile strugglings as Judith's cunt descended to his mouth was a faint creaking of the straps securing him. All Edward's senses existed then in the dark and intimate world beneath Judith Boston's lovely bottom. The panties scuffed his face as the material moved across his skin. The warm scent of her womanhood tantalized his nostrils. The private fragrance of her intimacy bewitched him.

Judith began to wiggle herself upon Edward's face. Her cheeks reddened as her clitoris became swollen and activated with intense pleasure. Edward's struggling breaths warmed her pussy with exhalations of carnal heat. Judith bent forward, thrusting out her breasts in front, resting her gloved hands upon her bare knees. Her buttocks curved backward toward Edward's chest.

"He is doing admirably, Laurie, for having just begun," Judith husked.

Laurie's left hand, dressed prettily in the cotton glove, extended forward between Edward's legs to grip his tool. It stiffened further as Laurie began to work it steadily, stroking it up and down with firm motions. As Judith gyrated on the servile face beneath her, and Edward's tongue began to probe her innermost recesses, Laurie studied the rigid penis her hand enslaved as she watched the effects of her masturbation. Her gloved hand slid from the base of Edward's shaft up to just below the swollen tip in a series of skillful caresses. She was intrigued to notice that the head was red as her hand began the slide upward from the bottom of the shaft, but then it turned quickly to a strangled purple as her fingers pulled hard and stopped just below the glans. She settled herself comfortably and continued to slowly masturbate the helpless victim beside her. She kicked off her pumps and rubbed her stockinged feet together before pointing her toes on the deep carpet beneath her feet. The feeling was luxurious and she exulted in it. She continued to pump Edward's cock, delighting in the way it pulsed in her hand. She moved downward and dandled his balls, then jerked him in long strokes that made his cockhead expand still more. Her movements were timed to Judith's moans and spasms as she raised and lowered herself on Edward's mouth.

Judith arched her back as Edward's tongue slithered around her pussy lips and thoroughly laved the delicate folds. She couldn't believe the skill he'd acquired in

so short a period of time. That tongue of his was sending her into fits of ecstatic pleasure she hadn't expected to experience. He flicked at her protruding clit and lashed it soundly, wrenching great sighs from her.

Judith smiled and licked her lips. Oh, Edward had great promise all right. Who knew what pleasures the future might hold if he continued to develop as she planned? A sudden thought struck her. Perhaps the victors might even become the vanquished at his hands?

Judith Boston shivered, then closed her eyes, leaned back, and continued to ride Edward's persistent tongue.